

# MAYFAIR

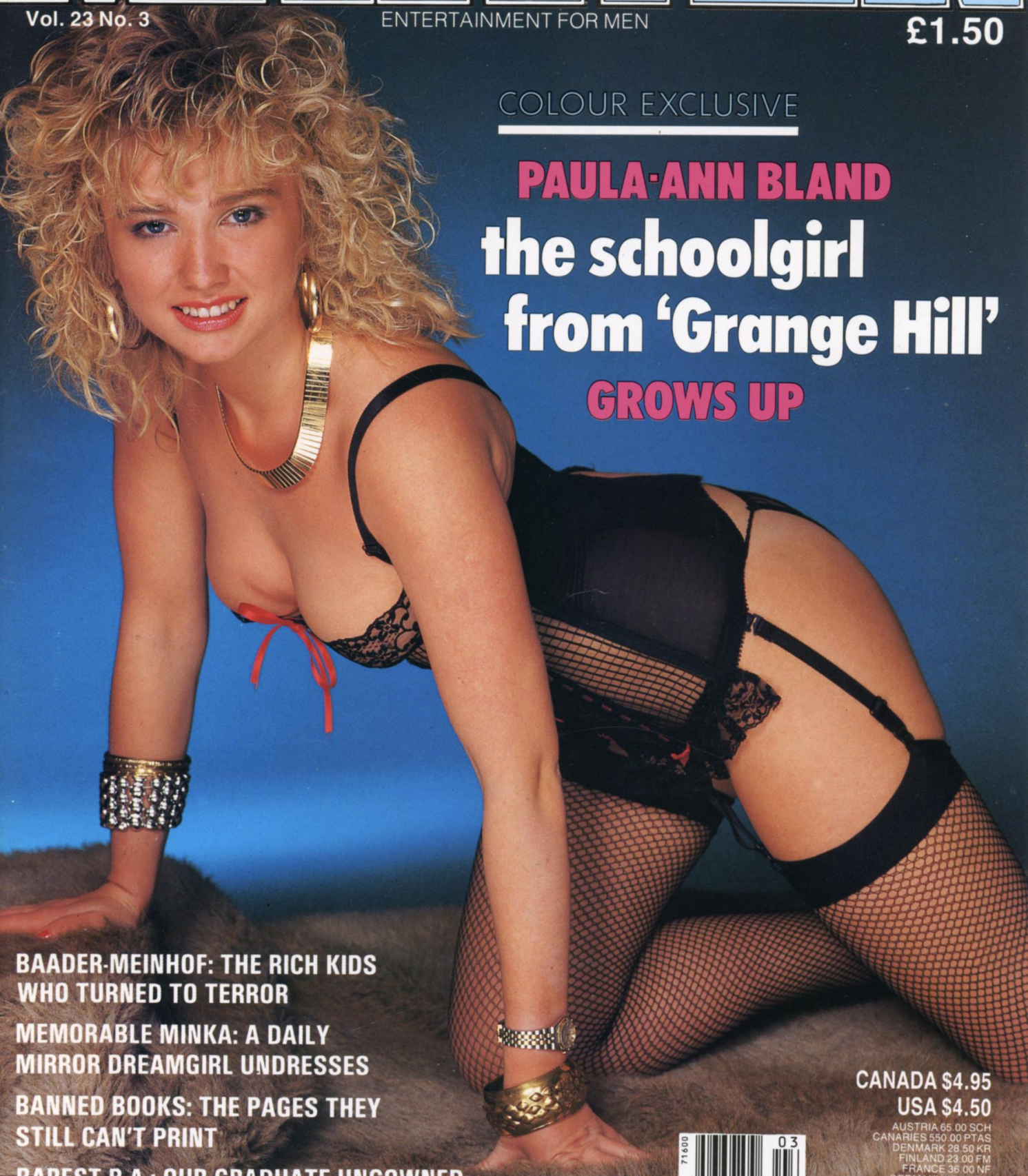
Vol. 23 No. 3

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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COLOUR EXCLUSIVE

**PAULA-ANN BLAND**  
**the schoolgirl**  
**from 'Grange Hill'**  
**GROWS UP**



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WHO TURNED TO TERROR**

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# MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING  
**King**

Vol. 23 No. 3

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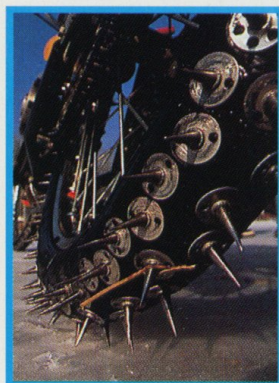
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Packard — the  
marque of luxury  
in the  
Jazz  
Age.

32



You asked to see  
more of *Daily  
Mirror* Dreamgirl  
Minka Kokos, and  
here she is,  
all 36B-  
22-34  
of her.

93



Fancy racing a  
500cc motorbike  
across ice at 75  
mph with no brakes  
and dozens of  
razor sharp spikes  
attached to your  
wheels? Ice bikers  
do. Take  
a ride

62

## CENTRE STORY

Amsterdam beauty  
queen Brenda Van  
Steenvelt gives  
us all a Dutch  
treat when the  
19-year-old model  
reveals her 36-  
24-36 inches  
in Britain.  
She's only  
spent three  
days here so  
far, but she  
made a lasting  
impression.



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# PAULA-ANN BLAND:

## THE GIRL FROM GRANGE HILL



Don't tell teacher but one of *Grange Hill*'s former pupils is a big girl now — and keen to show it off. Actress Paula-Ann Bland played school goody-goody, Claire Scott, in the BBC TV children's series, but now the 19-year-old has dropped her gymslip to become a topless model. Already the 'bare top' of the class has appeared in





*The People* and the *News of the World*, and Paula is anxious to do more. 'I'd love to be on Page Three,' she says. 'I want to be as famous as Samantha Fox. Showing your boobs is just part of the job. I don't mind men looking at me at all.' Paula's big break came after she was spotted at the Italia Conti stage school, and offered a place at television's most famous comprehensive. Paula received fan mail even then, but when she left the series and announced her intended new career, her admirers started writing to us demanding that we feature her. Rarely, has a girl provoked such a reaction, and Paula's modelling future seems assured. But she's not giving up acting completely. She's currently appearing in *Funny Peculiar* in the very same role Page Three Girl of the Year, Linda Lusardi, had until recently. The play includes some nudity but none of it Paula's. Instead she runs around on stage in skimpy undies. But you still see more of her in a TV play called *Fruit Machine*. She plays a dolphin trainer who has taught one to leap out of the water and snatch her bikini top off. For fun Paula likes to spend time with her friends from *Grange Hill* including Letitia Dean, who's now a big name as well in *East Enders*, and her boyfriend, Peter Moran, who plays Pogo in the school soap. It was he who encouraged Paula to be a model.









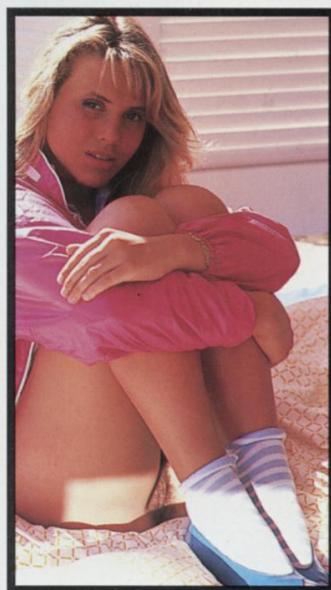




# SOPHIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

Bone up on your Oscar Wilde and break out the whoopee cushions. Twenty-year-old Sophie McAndrew likes 'men with a wicked sense of humour who can be rude but not crude.' This 36-24-36 inch trainee computer operator gives the example of a 'bronzed beach god' who approached her in Majorca last year.







'I was sunbathing topless when this fellow walked up and said, "I couldn't help noticing you have a very rare areola development. You do realise it shows you have an extremely high libido?" I thought he must be a doctor, until I realised he was saying that because my nipples are large I must be sex mad! I nearly batted him over the head. But he was so apologetic I ended up having a drink with him.'











When she's not sunning herself in the Mediterranean Sophie likes to relax in the clubs and bars of her native Glasgow. 'I'm not a wild party-goer,' she says, 'but I do enjoy the atmosphere of those sorts of places — just as long as I'm sharing it with someone who knows how to make me laugh.'















'I like men  
with long  
hair and  
beards,  
wearing a  
lot of  
leather'

*SUSANNAH*

---







'I'd never ride my trail

bike off-

road. I'm

too afraid

of breaking

it — or

a limb!'



Twenty-three-year-old Susannah Burns is a lady of intriguing contrasts. A leggy blonde — all of 5 feet 7½ inches — this Brighton Belle boasts an array of intellectual assets at least as

impressive as her 36B-24-36 inches. Susannah holds a BA degree in History and French from Sussex University, but her favourite pastimes are pub visiting and riding her trail bike.





She owns a Yamaha DT 80cc model, but off-road riding is definitely not on — 'I'm too afraid of breaking the bike, or a limb!' But that doesn't stop her admiring the men who do. 'Boyfriends,' she insists, 'have got to have long hair, preferably with beards, and wear a lot of leather.'

**'Brighton pubs are great'**

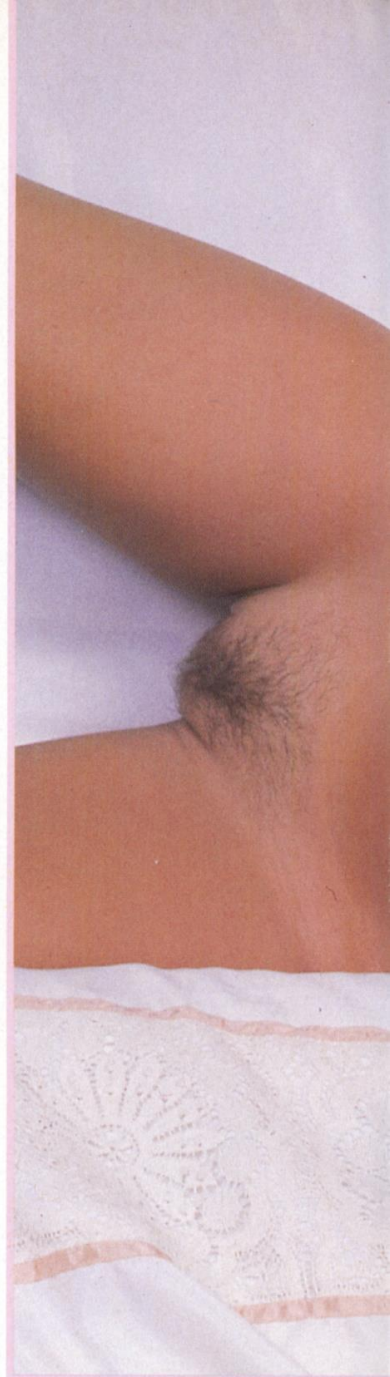








'My favour-  
ite beers  
are HSB,  
Harvey's  
and Gales'







Born in Boston, Lincolnshire, Susannah went to the local grammar school before studying at Sussex. She's lived in Brighton ever since and claims all its pubs are 'brilliant,' especially the ones serving local brews like HSB, Harvey's and Gales. Meanwhile she plans to become a professional model.













**BRENDA**

Our beauty queen  
from Amsterdam





Amsterdam is famous for canals, tulips and its bustling nightlife, but now it can add a new attraction to the list. It's the home of 19-year-old Brenda van Steenveldt. Brenda has only been a model for just over a year but already her 36-24-36 figure has earned her the title of Miss Custom Car and Miss Beach. And now after a lightning trip to Britain she looks like proving popular over here as well.













'I was only in Britain for three days,' says Brenda, 'and modelling all the time. All I can remember is Big Ben.' Back at home she keeps equally busy driving her Renault Five between shoots and shopping sprees. 'I love spending money,' she warns, 'especially on clothes and shoes.' No wonder she looks so sexy when she's dancing in one of the city's clubs — her favourite way to spend Saturday night.







On the subject of men she says, 'They must be big and strong but kind and sweet.' And one way to meet them would be her own talk show — an ambition of Brenda's. 'I'd like to interview Sylvester Stallone and Joan Collins to find out if they are the way they appear on screen,' she says. But Brenda also likes a good laugh, especially knockabout comedy. 'I love Jerry Lewis,' she smiles — and that's an image we can all live up to!









**BRENDA  
VAN STEENVELDT**

Girl of the Month

**MAYFAIR**

















BRE

VA

G





PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

# JULIET

From childhood, 19-year-old Juliet Johnson has wanted to go on the stage. The trouble is that after her 15th birthday she was blessed with a 38-25-36 figure which meant some men were apt not to take her parts too seriously. Even in the school play, the Newcastle lass found boys jeering, and when she trod the boards as a cabaret singer recently, the vocal critics in the audience tended to review her figure rather than her repertoire. So now Juliet has decided to give the guys what they want and become a model.









'Actually it was more fun than singing,' Juliet says, 'and a lot less nerve racking. I've always worn dresses that show a lot of cleavage, so going that bit further didn't make much difference.' One of Juliet's most successful routines was in fact a send up of Sam Fox. 'I came on in tight leather trousers and a teeshirt with no bra, and "bounced" around the stage. It always got a standing ovation,' she laughs.







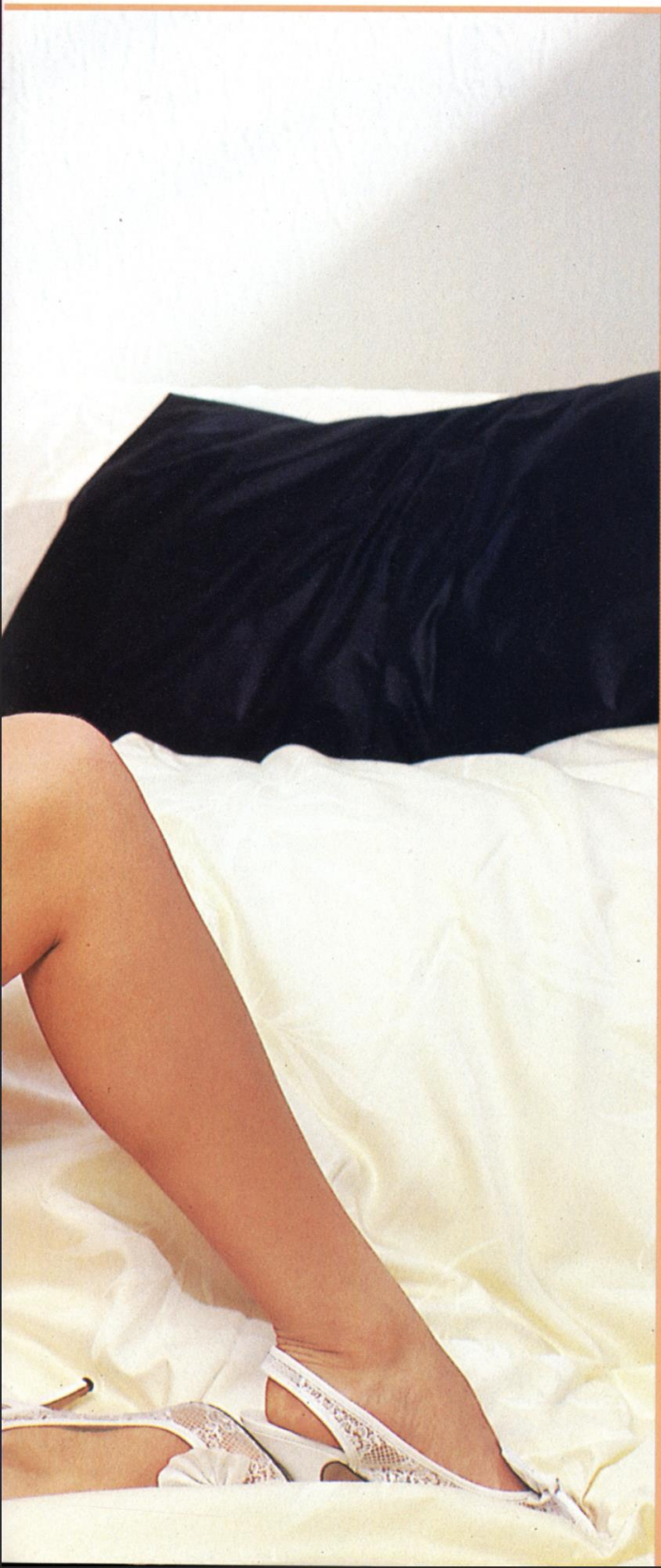








Now Juliet can be found 'bouncing' around the *Tuxedo Princess*, her favourite night-time haunt. And she's easy to spot — a lot of that revealing stagewear now takes a second bow on the dance floor. Not that this means Juliet is game for just *anyone* to join her in a slow smoochy number. 'I like a man with an articulate mind as well as articulated hips,' she maintains.



By day, Juliet works in a shop selling jeans and casual clothing — though she rarely wears them herself. 'My clothes are either skintight and shiny or loose and lacy,' she says. 'That is when I wear any at all. Given the choice I'd walk around nude all day, though I suppose it could be awkward doing the cooking.' But her ambition is still to be an actress. 'I'd love to be a popular comedy star with her own TV show,' she insists. 'I'd do anything for a giggle, just try me!' We'll be happy to pass on any suggestions, gentlemen.





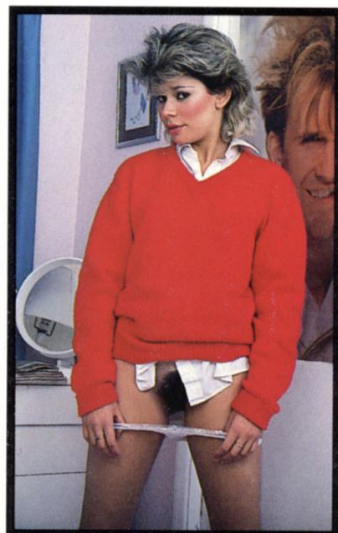












# DIANE

For most of us a pub crawl is quite enough effort for an evening's relaxation. A pub run sounds positively dangerous. Not for 18-year-old Diane Merritt, however. Several times a week she pounds the pavements of Putney

from the *Star and Garter* on the borders of the Thames up Putney Hill to *The Green Man* at the top, followed by a swift circuit of the heath beyond. 'I'm building up to the marathon,' says this 34-24-34 inch children's nanny.



An astrology buff, Diane puts her capacity for endurance down to her Capricornian nature. 'We are basically sloggers, very very determined people,' she says. 'You have to be when your job is looking after two pre-school children every day!' Born in a small village in the West Country, — Diane is enjoying her first experience of the big city. 'It's like starting afresh every time I go out here,' she says. 'At home everyone knows me. I can't



remember the number of times in London I've got very odd looks from landlords, because they obviously think I look too young to be drinking in a pub. It didn't help that my last boyfriend was going grey at 24. His friends accused him of cradle-snatching!' Diane, we're sure you'll run and run.









PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
BASIL  
CRAWFORD-SMITH

**MINKA**

Daily MIRROR

DREAM GIRL





Several months ago Mayfair received a number of letters begging us to feature a young lady by the name of Minka Kokos who had appeared in the *Daily Mirror* Dream Girl competition. 'She is without doubt the girl of my dreams,' wrote Mr M Rollins from Bristol, echoing the feelings of all of those who asked to see her.















No problem, we thought. With a name like that she shouldn't be too hard to find. So we sent feelers out to our contacts in the Adriatic and came up with . . . zilch. Then we got a whisper that she was living somewhere closer to home — 'Sunny' Southend to be precise, where she had worked as a waitress.









At nearly 20 years old Minka and her fabulous 36-24-36 figure are cutting a niche in the glamour world, and we could be seeing her on Page Three in the not too distant future. 'She has that girl next door look,' wrote C Manning from Manchester, 'The sort of look I could very easily fall in love with.' One can but dream.

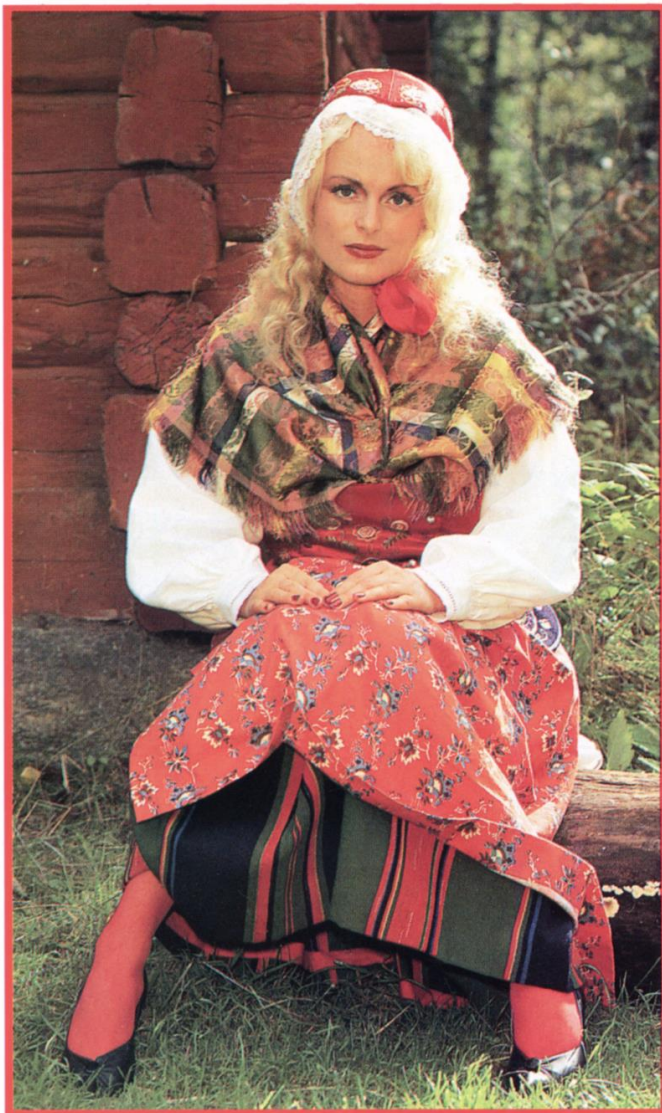








PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN



# GRETCHEN

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, lived a girl called Gretchen. With her golden locks and sylphine 36-24-36 figure, all the creatures of the forest would gaze at her admiringly. 'I love feeling the wind caress my body,' she would say to them, slowly peeling off her peasant costume. But alas, for the woodcutter's daughter, there was something missing in her life . . .







'I LOVE FEELING

THE WIND CARESS

MY BODY,' SAID

GRETCHEN



'TAKE OFF

ALL YOUR

CLOTHES,'

SAID THE WOLF





For all the howls of approval from the forest, there was no man to fulfill her needs. One day, as she was walking in the forest, a wolf stole up behind her and gave a low growl. Gretchen swung round startled. 'Take off all your clothes,' the wolf said. No sooner had she done so than the wolf turned into a handsome prince! Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a witch and turned into a wolf. The spell could only be broken if a pretty peasant girl removed all her clothes. 'You don't expect me to believe a fairy tale like that,' said Gretchen, 'but I like your style.'





## Bevy of beauty

With Vol 23 No 1, *Mayfair* has excelled itself again. What a bevy of lovelies. Being a stockings and suspenders fan, this edition was a real turn-on. Nineteen year-old Christina had glorious pouting red lips and black lace undies.

Then there was lovely Lorna — she can demonstrate her lingerie and stockings anytime. With those big eyes, what a waste to show herself off to women only.

Lee Ann had a great pair of legs and bottom. Finally, the sight of Jacqui Bremner stepping out of her ski suit was just too much. Her bra must have been expecting its own avalanche from her 38-inch bust. *RM, Coventry*

## Happy blue year

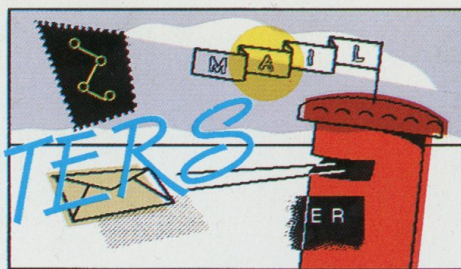
Here's some advice to your readers which may result in their enjoying as active a sex life as I do. It is simply this: get a job in or around a university city and infiltrate its student scene. I have advantages over the majority of male students: since I have a car, my own place, spending money, and no pressure to study at nights. These allied, naturally, to my good looks and charm, have enabled me to get laid more times in the last year than in the previous three years put together.

At the moment I am enjoying the sexual favours of a particularly horny 18-year-old first year student. This year, I asked her to help me fulfill a fantasy of mine. In the past I've tried to be screwing by

two am on New Year's Day, but I long fancied the idea of actually 'bonking in' the New Year. So this year, Lorna (name changed) and I gave the parties a miss and did just that.

At about ten o'clock, we cuddled up on the sofa and started to kiss and whisper sweet nothings. This soon led to fondling and squeezing and by 10.30 the first garments were being removed. At about 11 pm our nudity was complete as Lorna freed my erection, and we began to stroke and caress, lick, suck and bite every inch of each other's skin.

About half past the hour Lorna got down on all fours and begged me to screw her. I eased myself gradually in and reached forward to take her fabulous tits in my hands. I began the slowest, gentlest rhythm imaginable and quickened only marginally when Lorna's panting told me she was nearing climax. Afterwards I withdrew and lay on my back and she bent over me and engulfed my cock with her breasts and rubbed me up and down. At just before midnight she got up, turned on the TV and lay down. I positioned myself above her and, as Big Ben struck, I thrust into her.



With each chiming, I thrust into her more powerfully, until on the twelfth I exploded violently inside her. Lorna too reached orgasm just then and by the time we had finished Auld Lang Syne was long gone.

They do say start the year as you mean to go on!

*MW, Manchester*

*Did no one tell you that New Year's Day is a Bonk Holiday...*

## Older and wider

I am one of your older subscribers and would like to request that one or two of your pages be devoted to photographs of more mature ladies. I especially like rear view pictures with a few real close-ups of more ample-sized buttocks. I am sure this would meet with approval from many of your subscribers like myself.

In anycase, please keep up the high standards you set and you can be assured I'll be buying the magazine for many more years to come.

*CD, Chemsford*

*Comments and request are invited from like-minded readers.*

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of *Mayfair*. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded. Write to 'Letters', *Mayfair Magazine*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

## Spank Account

Although I have a good job and consider myself a liberated wife, there are times when a little firmness doesn't feel amiss — as when I was a little too familiar with one of Paul's (name changed) office chums at one of those festive season parties.

We were only having a silly drunken sort of cuddle on the settee, but Paul's colleague obviously thought I was fair game; so much so, in fact, that when Paul walked back into the room I was wriggling on the chap's knee, my skirt hoisted up at one side and a brawny hand busily finding its way over my suspended stocking-top across my bare thigh. I pulled away the offending hand politely but firmly, and stood up, looking very rumpled and embarrassed. But the damage was done.

Paul was in a bad mood for the rest of the night and only softened when I weepily promised to atone in any way I could. By then it was very late, and by the time we got home it all seemed to have blown over.

Next morning, however, as a rather hung-over Paul got ready to leave for the office, he said ominously, 'About last night...' 'Yes,' I replied, depressed at being reminded. 'You said you would "atone".' Well, when I come home tonight, I'm going to put you over my knee, pull down your panties, and spank your bottom.' I could only gasp. 'Hard,' he added sternly.

Paul had only ever spanked me once before, and although I didn't tell him at the time (you can get too much of a good thing) I found it a turn-on to be 'disciplined' in a careful but firm manner by someone I could trust.

I didn't have to work that day, so I had the whole afternoon to ponder my impending punishment, and to prepare accordingly.

When Paul got home that evening, he was affectionate and relaxed, and we chatted through dinner with

*turn to page 8*





# WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



Gorgeous Gail Thackray was in Vol 20 No 12. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 20 Nos 3, 6, 8 10 and 12 for only £5. But be quick!

Other back numbers available include:

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M23/3

# LETTERS

## View points

Perusing the *Mayfair* Christmas issue I came upon your 40 Favourite Girls feature. 'Came' was nearly a very apposite word when I set eyes on Marie Morrison on page 55. What incredibly large nipples this girl has. I don't think I've ever seen any quite so big. They're almost a pair of bosoms in themselves!

Could you please tell me how I can go about getting the issue (Vol 21 no 5) in which she appeared. I simply have to see more of her.

*R Murray, Matlock*

*Simply send us £1.65. We'll send you a back number.*

## Pub with no bars

A special event at our local pub one night left it bursting at the seams. The close contact was very enjoyable, especially when well-endowed girls brushed past me to the loo.

However, the crowd gradually pushed me against one of the small alcoves which some couples had taken over. After about five minutes, I felt a warm, female body rock against the back of my legs. Resisting the temptation to look round, I moved slightly so that I could look into the mirror by the alcove and saw a couple sitting on low stools with the man's leg firmly wedged between the thighs of the girl who was gripping the leg tightly, pulling it towards herself. The look of ecstasy on her face indicated that she was too far gone to worry about anything or anybody else.

Looking around the noisy, crowded and now darkened pub, it was obvious that no-one else was watching so I enjoyed the feeling of being an outsider, yet somehow involved. I pushed against her, at which she responded by pushing backwards.

After a series of small shudders, she suddenly leant heavily against my legs as her body shook and the broad smile on her face said that she had come. It left her boyfriend looking very embarrassed.

It took my thoughts back some years to when I was having an affair with a married girl whose parents ran a pub. It was an on-off affair, coinciding with the many rows the couple had. It usually ended up with Jane (name changed) either going back to her parents or coming around to cry on my shoulder...

As she was always in a susceptible and aroused state we nearly always turn to page 110

*continued from page 6*

no mention of either his morning remark 'or the incident of the previous night.

Half-an-hour after dinner, he suddenly remarked, 'OK, I think it's about time I warmed your bottom for last night.'

He led me gently to the settee, sat down and then told me to bend over, quite matter-of-factly. I wriggled a little as I made myself comfortable across his lap, and made no effort to resist as he held me down and lifted my skirt to waist height.

I had earlier changed into a white suspender belt, stockings and tight, frilly white panties, and I laughed to myself as I felt his penis stiffen against my belly at the sight.

'You have a bottom like a peach,' he told me, before slowly peeling down my panties. For what seemed like ages, he just kept me there, sprawled bare-bottomed across his lap, telling me how naughty I had been. Then he lifted his free hand and spanked me hard with the comment, 'This will teach you.'

The slaps were not particularly hard, but they were enough to make me yelp in outrage each time his hand made my bottom quiver, and I was soon struggling to avoid each new smack.

When it finally stopped, my poor bottom was quite pink and I felt very chastened. I also felt very, very randy. Getting to my feet, I did a slow strip for his delectation, taking off everything except my suspender belt, stockings and high heels. Then, kneeling in front of him, I finally released his throbbing penis from his trousers and took its thick bulbous head in my mouth.

'You can spank me if you like,' I said, 'but this is my way of saying sorry!' Then I took in as much of his length as I could, cupping his balls in one hand, and sucked him noisily until he was dry. When he'd recovered, he entered me doggy fashion, his thighs slapping against my still warm bottom as he pushed me towards a noisy climax. All things considered, I have never enjoyed 'making up' so much, and may have to flirt with other men more often for a little more of the same.

*(Name and address withheld)*

*This is certainly a genuine letter acknowledged back to source. But we can never be sure how much 'making up' has been going on.*



THE ORIGINAL AND STILL THE BEST.

# Dial-a-date

*presented by Gail McKenna.*



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it's fun  
and it's strictly  
confidential.

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# LETTERS

*continued from page 8*

ended up making love in the most bizarre circumstances. One of the best occasions was on her 25th birthday when she called to see me out of the blue as usual, saying that she wanted someone to spend her birthday with as her husband had gone off in a huff.

Never one to refuse such an invitation, I went with her to her parent's pub where there was some sort of birthday party waiting for her. As I settled down on the stool at the corner of the bar, out of the way in the crowded pub, she came over and with her wandering hands left me in no doubt as to her aroused state and what she was after.

After a few playful squeezes, during which I managed to find out that she only had a pair of panties under her thin dress, she manoeuvred herself between my raised legs on the stool and with her hand out of sight started rubbing up and down on my ever growing bulge.

After more than an affectionate birthday kiss, she disappeared to help her parents clear up the bar which was only interrupted by a long kiss across the bar, which her parents were not too pleased at.

We were having a drink together as time was called, and by now throwing caution to the wind, she pushed between my legs, gave me a deep kiss, rubbed her pelvis against my bulge and said 'Don't go away, we've only just started.'

She then disappeared again. The bar emptied, and after her mother had gone upstairs to their flat, she came over as her father called out that he was going down to the cellars. She pressed her pelvis against my knee, and we kissed and started rubbing herself up and down even more fiercely. It was only her father's footsteps on the cellar stairs that stopped it going any further.

Pouring us another drink, he switched out all the lights except those in the bar and told Jane to lock up after I'd gone — leaving us in no doubt that I was not going to sleep in her bed that night. Hearing his footsteps retreating up the stairs to the flat, she almost threw herself against my knee and by pulling me forward it wasn't long before she reached her long-awaited climax. Not to be left out completely, I moved my hands over her body, and massaged her breasts through her thin dress, gradually rolled her nipples between my fingers which sent her into an almost continuous climax.

Pulling away, she said 'I'd better check that the upstairs door is closed so that we won't be interrupted,' and disappeared leaving me with an even harder penis. When she came back, she said 'Close your eyes, I have a present for you,' and promptly put a pair of damp panties into my hand which, when I looked had a flower with a stem going down and under the middle.

Lifting the front of her dress. I slid my hand between her legs at which she closed them and squeezed my fingers inside her. Bending down, she released my hand and lifted my trouser leg up over my knee. Then with my hand again fondling her, she pushed her pubic hairs against my bare knee and we were off again.

Feeling more than a bit ready for a proper session, I could only think of the stockroom, small as it was, where we could go undisturbed. So, sliding off the stool, I took her hand, went behind the bar and opened the stockroom door.

Closing the door and putting the catch on, I turned to find that she had removed her dress completely and her hands almost ripped my shirt open. She started to kiss from my neck downwards, unzipping my trousers and pulling down my briefs in her haste to get at my erect penis which was only too ready to be free of its restraints.

By now she was almost on her knees and holding it firmly in her hands at the base, put the top of my penis into her mouth, moving her tongue in circles around the tip. Having never been able to get her to do this before, the feeling was fantastic. With her hands stroking the base and my testicles, I was almost coming before I realised it. I pulled away, turned her round and pushed her over some cardboard boxes. Holding her lovely cheeks apart I touched her labia lips with the end of my penis then took her suddenly which made her gasp at the force.

Feeling her squeeze her cheeks together and pushing backwards, made me push all the harder which made up for all the evening's frustrations. With her held firm against the boxes I moved my hands onto her breasts, which had her pushing backwards even hard. I pushed deeper and deeper and just as she begged me to stop I felt myself coming. So sliding my penis almost completely out, I grasped her thighs and rammed fully home. She gave a stifled cry and her body shook in a violent climax. I collapsed onto her

*turn to page 114*



# LETTERS

continued from page 110  
exhausted body.

Enough was enough, and after a short time we both dressed. She gave me a deep kiss and said that she had had the best birthday present of her life.

All was quiet upstairs, and Jane reluctantly let me out of the side door pushing her body against me for a goodnight kiss.

Going over to the car I put my hand in my pocket for my car keys only to find a pair of damp panties, a reminder of a beautiful evening, which I still have today, sadly no longer damp.

(Name and address withheld)

## Wendy welcomed

I've always thought that your publication is the best men's magazine that money can buy, and my theory was proved right again. In Vol 22 No 10, you featured a girl called Wendy. She bought back many good memories. A long while ago I had a girl-friend with whom I had very good times. She wasn't my first girlfriend but I will always remember her. I've got to hand it to you, you're certainly the best magazine I've ever had.

MP, Devon

## Trini-daughters

I would like to convey my continued admiration to all the *Mayfair* photographers who have captured your models on film, past, present and future. It is a job, I would imagine, to make your male readers envious.

It would be great to have an issue or two devoted to past and present 'Miss Black and White Scotch Whisky' models, several of whom came to Trinidad to promote the drink during the year of their reign. The issue could include Felicity Hawkins (1982), Sian Adey Jones (1983) — featured in *Mayfair* Vol 20 No 1, Suzie Ann Watkins (1985), Beverly Pilkington (1986) and Christine Peake — the current holder of the title.

AJ, Trinidad

## Black magic

With the continuing absence of Lucienne Camille, how about a photo-set of Ione, who featured on page three of *The Sun* recently? If you manage to persuade her to grace your pages, please avoid the clichés associated with pictures of black girls, ie smother her in oil, kit her out in Fidel Castro gear and give her a gun, or contort her into aggressive masculine poses, or

otherwise disguise her natural femininity.

Instead, give her the Siwer Ohlsson romantic treatment with frills and flowers. Meanwhile, keep up the search for Lucienne and your other good works.

P Martin, Reading

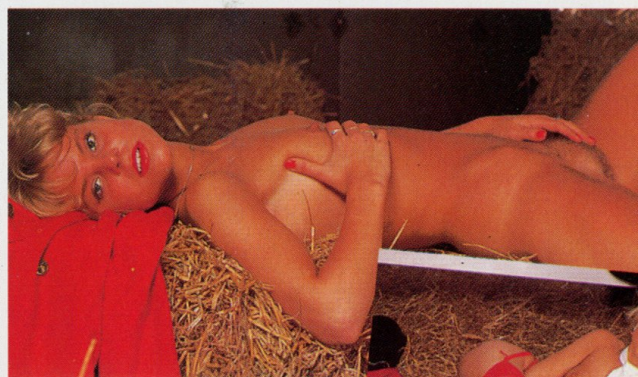
## Antonia's ace

Please, please could you feature the delectable Antonia from Vol 22 No 12 in the near future? She has to be the most exquisite, ravishing young lady I have ever had the good fortune to set eyes upon.

As the only 'class' magazine, *Mayfair* sets itself apart from all the others, and all the girls featured

are quite lovely. However, it was the sight of Antonia's innocent, sweet smile that prompted me to write.

Being a red-blooded Englishman, I like all women, but girls of more modest proportions are my favourite. So let's see some more. SM, Leicester



Two more nude reminders of the sexy showjumper, Antonia, Vol 22 No 12.



# CAZ

WILL YOU HELP SAVE THE WHALE?



WHY? WILL THE WHALE SAVE ME?!



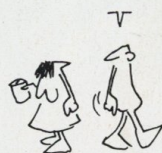
IN FACT, DOES THE WHALE GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ME?!



DOES IT CARE ABOUT MY LIFE?! MY WORRIES?! MY PROBLEMS?! MY WELFARE?!!



NO, I'M NOT SAVING THEM!



THEY'RE TOO SELFISH!







*'I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding. I want to divorce my husband on the grounds of his adultery!'*

# DIVORCE CAUGHT

It takes a bold man to make a

joke out of divorce. But to cartoonist Anthony

it's just a matter of decree

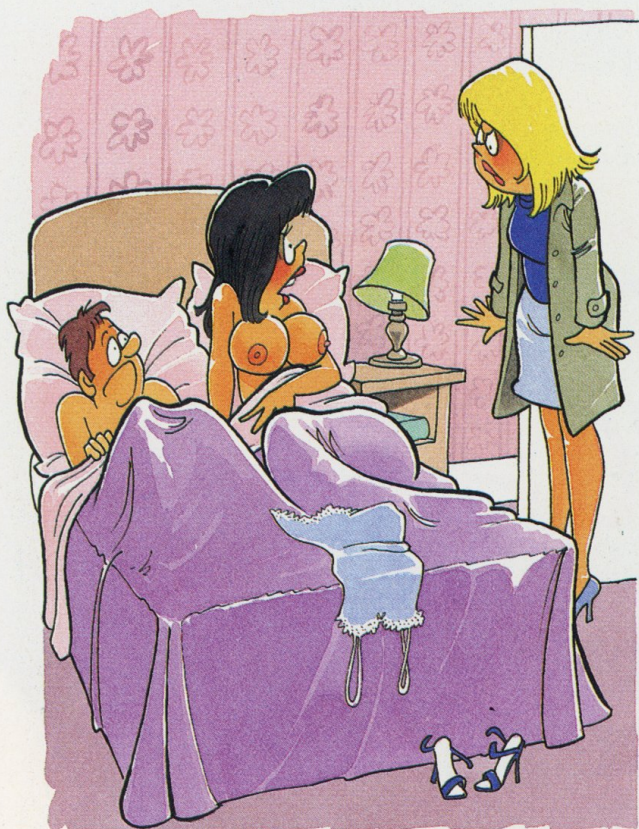




*'So, you want a divorce, do you? Well, it's lucky I've got a solicitor here!'*



*'Couldn't you cite someone else as co-respondent? I'm already involved in two other divorce cases.'*



*'I warned you when you married him it would end in divorce.'*



*'I'm not worried about the house, car, dishwasher, video camera . . . Just get me custody of the au pair!'*





*'Even at this late stage, your honour, there appears to be some hope of a reconciliation.'*



*'It was much more exciting now we're not married anymore, wasn't it, Gerald?'*



*'I take it your decree nisi has been made absolute, Trevor?'*



# SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

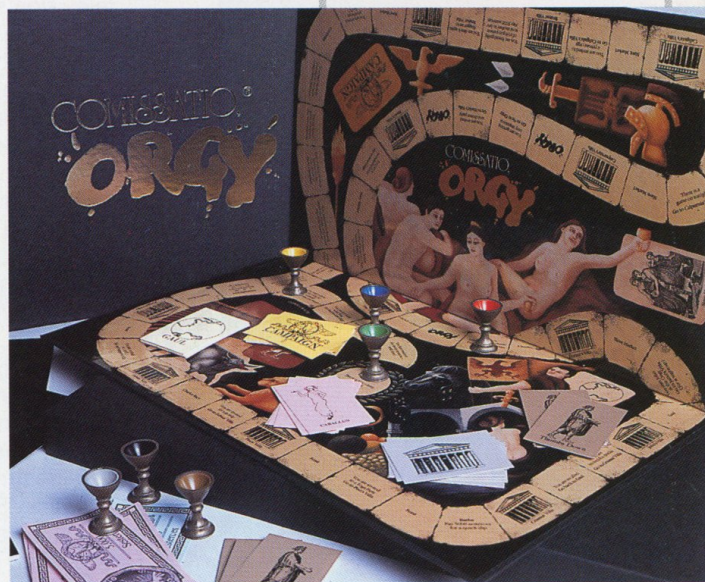
## Just a song at thigh-height

Picture the scene. You are standing on a crowded tube train when suddenly the strains of that old Elvis hit, *Love Me Tender*, waft across the carriage. You look around but nobody seems to be carrying a transistor or an overloud personal stereo. Then on closer inspection you realise the tune is coming from under the skirt of the beautiful blonde business lady in the corner. Are you listening to a public performance by the first every musical muff? No, she's just wearing her birthday present — musical knickers! Yes, really! In the past, there have been paper ones, vibrating ones and even edible ones, but now there are panties that burst into music at the slightest provocation. The tuneful tanga-pants cost £4.99 a pair and are available from **Knickerbox**,

that lingerie shop so thoughtfully provided at almost every mainline station so undie-lovers can ogle at the displays whilst waiting for a train. Sadly the performing panties have a limited repertoire (just the one number), and the sound quality is scarcely CD standard (I mean where would you put the graphic equaliser?) but it's worth baring them in mind next time a girl invites you back to her place to listen to her Elvis collection.

## Home from homicide

Some weekends away can be murder, especially at **Clarion** hotels. But people seem to prefer it that way and are happy to pay £115 a time despite having a deadly time. That's because Clarion (part of the Quality International chain) are specialists in those two-day Agatha Christie style Whodunnit holidays for those who prefer sleuth to sloth. The weekends consist of two nights in a luxury hotel where a 'murder' is committed and the guests are invited to discover who the culprit was. You can interview all the other guests,

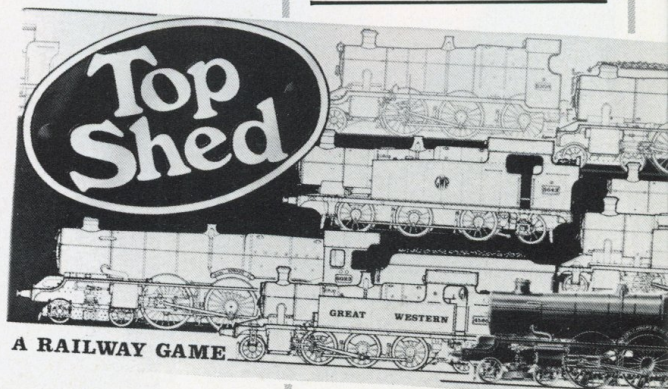


who are suspects along with yourself, and any passing butlers you might think did it. And why not? Accusing a girl of cold blooded killing is as good a way to chat her up as any — and from what we hear some of the budding Miss Marples who go are far from being in the Margaret Rutherford age-group. Strip-searches, however, are not encouraged. Sometimes, though, it's easier to solve the crime than others. One of our models was on the way to a similar style weekend recently, and stopped at a nearby pub for a lager and a sandwich. There she unexpectedly bumped into an old friend of hers from drama school. 'Hello,' said the friend. 'fancy seeing you here. Are you still modelling?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and what about you? Still acting?' 'That's right. Actually, I'm on the way to a job right now. You'll

NO ONE EVER BANNED MONOPOLY BUT **ORGY** (£24.95 FROM COMISSATIO) — NEW BOARD GAME BASED ON ANCIENT ROME — PROVED TOO HOT TO BE ADVERTISED ON OUR TV SCREENS. ITS INVENTOR, 27-YEAR-OLD JULIE PRIOR INSISTS IT NEED ONLY INVOLVE KISSING AND SUCKING SWEETS. VETERAN MAYFAIR ARTIST GEOFFREY WHEELER PROVIDED LINE DRAWINGS FOR **TOP SHED** (£18.95, DOBENCO LTD), A GAME BASED ON RAILWAY SCHEDULING IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT WESTERN.



OVER 250 MILLION PEOPLE HAVE PLAYED MONOPOLY IN SOME 15 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES, SO **MONOPOLY LONDON** BY STEPHEN ESSBERGER (CHAMELEON PUBLISHING, £9.95) SHOULD HAVE WIDE APPEAL. IT PROVIDES A GUIDE TO LONDON BASED ON THE GAME'S MOST FAMILIAR PLACE NAMES.





never guess, I'm playing the murderess at the hotel on the coast... For further clues about these weekends, contact Quality International on 01-439-4955.

## Black magic

A lot of you take a shine to girls in tight-fitting plastic, and when they look as good as the ones featured in the latest catalogue from **She an Me**, one of the best places in Britain for buying PVC clothing, who can blame you. Their range includes everything from full length catsuits and thigh boots to rather more exotic items like a basque with criss-cross bars across the breasts that make her boobs look like ugly fruit. The new catalogue deals exclusively with dresses or streetwear, as they call it (is your street ready for this?), including plunge front and back outfits, six-inch high heels and elbow length gloves — in any colour you like, so long as it's black and skintight. Dress prices are between £25 and £40, and they come in all sizes up to 42 inch bust, so even the mother-in-law could squeeze into one. The catalogue is available by writing or dropping into **She an Me's** shop at 123, Hammersmith Road, West Kensington, London W4. And don't pedantically point out that it's more correct to say 'She and I', I'm told it was done deliberately. Something to deal with the initials S and M...

## Doubly difficult

Who says there are no jobs going in the acting profession — all you need are the right qualifications. However it's hard to imagine that the casting company who placed

this ad in *The Stage* were exactly inundated with replies:

*Wanted: Identical girl twins for TV film. Should be early 20s and good singers and dancers. Full Equity members only. MUST BE ABLE TO SWIM UNDER-WATER.*



We sat around in the hot autumn sunlight in a beautiful French garden in Condom, an hour's drive from Toulouse, sipping *Armagnac*. More precisely, *Janneau*. A coven of London wine writers and writers about wine, there at the invitation of Etienne Janneau, younger son of the House of Janneau, the first name in *Armagnac*.

We had toured the distillery, had been royally entertained to dinner in an old church crypt the previous night, and had been awakened in the wee hours by a Wagnerian storm, which brought out the scent of a thousand flowers in this remote part of south west France. Now, lunch, a three to four hour sojourn before the leisurely drive back to Toulouse, en route to London, and let's talk *Armagnac*. *Armagnac* is to the south of France what *Cognac* is to the North. Together, they are the two *Appellation Controlée* superior brandies, made by the distillation of white wines.

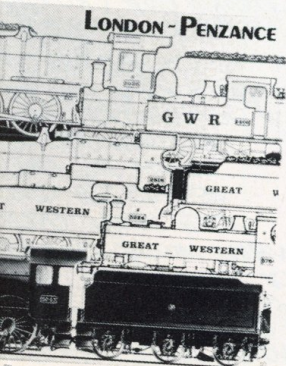
The grapes grown in *Armagnac's*

landlocked area in the *department* of Gers are mostly *Ugnic Blanc* (*St Emilion*), *Colombard*, *Blaquette*, and *Picquepoul* — *Polle Branche* in *Cognac*. A million and a half hectolitres are made every year. Half is distilled into 20 million bottles at the legally required strength of 40 per cent alcohol by volume, or 70 per cent proof. Half of the *Armagnac* produced in Gascony is drunk by the French themselves, but 400,000 cases are exported. The acquisitive Japanese are top with 60,000. Britain is fourth at the moment with 50,000. Half a million bottles, of which the illustrious *House of Janneau*, the market leader, supplied 40 per cent.

What makes *Armagnac* particularly columnworthy is that the UK is its fastest growing market with an annual increase of 20 per cent!

In the UK *Matthew Clark & Sons*

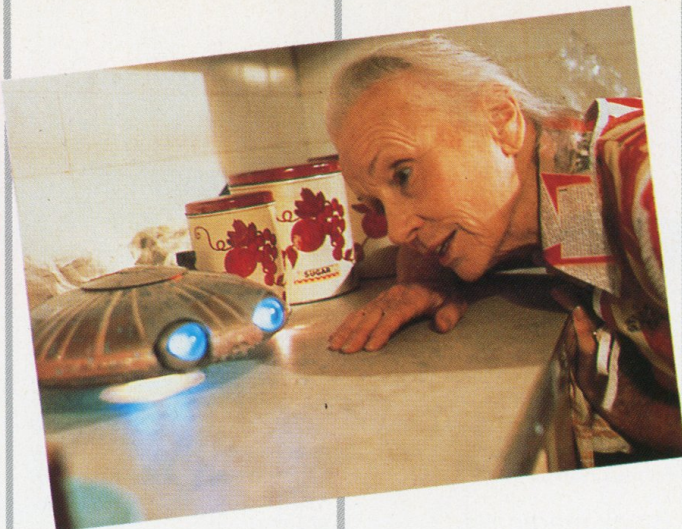
READERS OFTEN ENQUIRE AFTER COMEDIAN BENNY HILL'S FAMOUS HILL'S ANGELS. HERE, THEN, ARE THE ANGELS DUE TO BRIGHTEN OUR EVENINGS THIS YEAR. THEY ARE: TOP, TRACEY TREVORS; MIDDLE, EMMA BRYANT AND LORRAINE DOYLE; BOTTOM, LOUISE ENGLISH, LAURA WYNNE, AND SUE UPTON.





Unlike *Cognac*, where only the traditional pot still is used, *Armagnac* is also made using the special *Armagnac* still, the *Alambic Armagnacais*. A process whereby the wine flows from vat to still, acting as a coolant, allowing the alcoholic vapours to condense. As the wine heats the alcoholic vapours form, and these, in turn,

Prices may have altered since the time of going to press. Please check with suppliers for details.



# FILMS

Gerald Cole

'Eddy! Eddy Murphy! Hey, fuck you! Motherfucker! Suck my dick! Eddy — you very good!' So, according to **Eddy Murphy Raw** (18) do admiring Japanese fans greet the young American comedian. Unfortunately their knowledge of English doesn't extend much beyond the four-letter words that pepper his stage

Thanks to the spectre of AIDS, however, the rest of Hollywood

DAVID JONES

GULP!  
WE'RE  
SURROUNDED.

POOH!  
WATCH  
THIS—

QUEEN MOVES UP ONE SQUARE DIAGONALLY (026) CHECKING KING.  
KING MOVES AWAY TO CORNER (448). (IF HE MOVES TOWARDS CENTER, QUEEN  
MOVES UP DIAGONALLY RIGHT (047), CHECKMATE). KNIGHT MOVES UP TO SQUARES  
KING (N17) CHECK. KING SCUTTLES BACK TO ORIGINAL POSITION (98). KNIGHT  
TO EDGE BELOW PAWNS (N46) GIVING DOUBLE CHECK.



seems to be concentrating on the consequences of sex rather than naughtiness itself, viz family life, children. As in **Three Men and a Baby** (PG), when three, flat-sharing, womanising New York bachelors, architect Peter (Tom Selleck), actor Jack (Ted Danson) and cartoonist Michael (Steve Guttenberg) suddenly find themselves in charge of a six-month-old baby — the result of one of Jack's long forgotten affairs. A sub-plot involves a pair of amiable drug smugglers, but the real story is how the men cope with the kiddy, which is demonstrably *not* a dummy, and even manages to squall, gurgle and pee on cue. Soon the bachelors' bafflement and disgust ('How does a thing so cute make a mess like *this*?') gasps Peter, reeling at the sight of his first filled nappy) turns, unsurprisingly, to attachment. Watch for the scene when the threesome play frisbee in Central Park. Whichever male holds the baby is immediately surrounded by a cooing band of curvaceous cuties. Babies, it seems, are sexy.

So, incredibly, is housework, according to the much-abused heroine of **Overboard**. When rich, bored, selfish Joanna (Goldie Hawn, looking both unrecognisable and gorgeous) docks her luxury yacht at an obscure harbour, she gets a local carpenter (Kurt Russell) to remodel her closet, only to throw him over the side when he objects to her continual, carping abuse. The night she falls overboard and is later found safe but suffering from amnesia. Her rich, idle husband (Edward Herrmann) is only too happy to deny that he has ever seen this harridan before, and promptly

**UNRESTRAINED TOE  
FONDLING FOR RICH  
BITCH GOLDIE HAWN  
IN THE COMEDY  
OVERBOARD.  
SEE REVIEW ABOVE.**



makes his escape. Whereupon carpenter Russell — who is conveniently new to the neighbourhood — decides to claim Joanna as *his* wife, since he is widowed with four unruly boys and no home help. 'Are you *sure* this is what I was doing before?' asks a confused Ms Hawn, confronted by a crumbling hovel, a tub full of filthy clothes and a grime-encrusted stove. 'Sure, honey,' Russell assures her. 'Now what about dinner?'

It's funny, involving and highly entertaining.

After which, the Spielberg fantasy of **Batteries Not Included** (PG) comes as something of a relief. When the five remaining tenants of a New York tenement are threatened with expulsion by a ruthless developer — who sends street gangs to harass them — nobody wants to help, until one night two spaceships the size of dinner plates fly in through the window. They prove to be extraterrestrial 'fixers', righting all the damage the street gangs cause, and setting up their own metallic 'nest' on the roof, where they manufacture three mechanical offspring. If you can accept this unexplained 'miracle' the film is a delight. Otherwise you might find that much whimsy a little hard to take. Similarly flawed is **Moonstruck** (PG), in which Cher plays a dowdy, New York Italian widow, on the point of marrying a middle-aged mother-obsessed accountant (Danny Aiello), when she meets her fiancé's estranged brother (Nicholas Cage), a petulant, hairy-chested, one-handed baker, and promptly falls passionately in love. Two difficulties arise immediately. *One*: even with grey streaks in her hair, Cher (possibly the most glamorous woman in existence) can only look dowdy to a blind man; and *two*: the baker's petulance would have cheesed off even a genuinely dowdy widow. Since it doesn't, a tangled, slightly old-fashioned and beautifully acted romance ensues. Best for Cher fans.

## The most electrifying thriller since **The Day of the Jackal**



**JAMES STEWART THAYER**

# Pursuit



**The hunt is on...**

£3.50



Penguin Books







She was his. A Marilyn Monroe robot, programmed for pleasure. She'd do anything he desired — and something he didn't...

# MAID TO MEASURE

Fiction by Brendan Galvin

The girl behind the desk in reception did not look at all like Marilyn Monroe. Hengist didn't even know if she was human. He cleared his throat and she glanced up from her VDU and smiled. 'Yes? Can I help you?' she asked. Her skin and bone structure were perfect. They would be, of course — tissue synthesis was an established technique. People said you could recognise an Auton from the eyes. Something lacking, people said. Feeling, personality, soul... Or perhaps that was merely wishful thinking — expressing an ancient human need to believe that the species was something more than flesh and blood and brain cells. Something fashioned in the image of an old, forgotten God. An image that mere mortals could never hope to duplicate. At least, not entirely.

'Hengist,' he said. 'I believe Mr Brock is expecting me.'

'Yes, of course, Mr Hengist,' the girl answered, her pale blue eyes twinkling with warmth. Decidedly human warmth, Hengist decided. 'Please go straight through.' Her small, ivory

ILLUSTRATION BY  
TERRY PASTOR



fingers fluttered briefly above a heat-sensitive panel. Then a section of the wall in the reception area dissolved in front of Hengist's eyes, revealing a small, inner chamber.

This experience always unnerved him — made him feel a little sea-sick. It made him wonder all the more what was real and what was illusion. Cautiously, Hengist stepped into the chamber just before the wall reconstituted behind him. Then he took a seat and waited.

Abruptly, a face appeared on the large video screen. It was of a man in his fifties, with steel-grey hair and an expression denoting authority. Mr Brock, founder and president of Auton Incorporated — the man who could banish loneliness, grief and frustration from the human predicament. The man who gave life to your dreams.

'Welcome to Auton, Mr Hengist,' Brock announced. 'How can we help you?' Hengist dismissed the knowledge that 'Mr Brock' was a computer simulation. He spoke to the image as if it were real. Hengist had never felt at ease conversing with computer. 'I want a female,' he said. 'Caucasian in her twenties.' 'Of course,' the Brock image replied. 'We have several basic models. Perhaps you'd care to look through our catalogue.' Brock's face disappeared and a number of naked young women appeared on the screen — a variety of female types. Tall and dark. Small and fair, buxom and slender. 'Of course, we customise each individual purchase,' Brock commented unseen. 'No two Autons will look exactly alike.' Hengist shook his head and reached into his pocket and drew out an old, yellow photograph. He held it up to the screen. 'I want something exactly like this,' he said firmly.

'That will be expensive,' Brock remarked. 'An identical facsimile. It has to be — how shall I put it? — almost hand made.' Brock allowed himself a small chuckle. Then his voice took on a serious note. 'I ought to warn you, Mr Hengist, that this



will cost you as much as you earn in a year at the university. . . .

'I can afford it,' Hengist said adamantly.

'Very well, Mr Hengist,' Brock murmured smoothly. 'I'll just check your credit status.' For a moment, the face froze into immobility then was re-animated as the smooth voice remarked. 'Your credit rating's good, Mr Hengist. . . . Now, I'd like a few details of the lady in the picture. She is deceased, I presume? You know we're not allowed to copy living individuals.'

Hengist smiled at the irony — an irony Brock could not be aware of. 'Her name is — was Marilyn,' Hengist remarked. 'Marilyn Monroe. She was a film star of the mid-twentieth century.' 'A film star?' Brock echoed blankly. 'Can you elucidate, please?'

'Like a Video Auton,' Hengist explained. 'Except of course, she was flesh and blood.'

'So are my Autons,' Mr Brock pointed out. 'In a manner of speaking. . . . Then his voice became a little less certain. 'We'll need data,' he observed. 'Accurate physical details, personality profile. . . .

'I can furnish you with that,' Hengist assured him. 'I have it all on computer.'

'Yes, of course,' Brock reminded himself. 'You're an historian, aren't you? A cultural historian.'

'Specialising in twentieth century cinema — early Video.'

'Precisely,' Brock agreed. Then his voice became more business-like. 'Transfer your data

to our central computer and leave the rest to us. We should be able to deliver your Auton by the end of the week. Or should I say, your Auton will deliver herself. . . . Brock chuckled at what must have been a very well-worn joke.

'Thank you,' Hengist said, getting up from the sofa to leave. But as the chamber wall dissolved once more, revealing the outer reception area, he turned back to the face on the screen. 'Tell me, Mr Brock,' he asked. 'It's been puzzling me. Is that girl on the desk human or is she. . . .'

Brock's voice interrupted. 'Will you step this way, Miss Kingsley,' he said.

The girl rose from her desk and glided into the chamber, smiling at Hengist. 'Take off your clothes, Miss Kingsley,' Brock instructed. Without hesitation, she obeyed. Heart thumping, Hengist stared at the dark and hairy delta at her groin. 'Now lie down on the couch and masturbate,' Brock continued. 'If you please.'

With the warm, good-natured smile fixed on her face, the girl lay back and spread her legs — presenting Hengist with an unhindered view of her genitals. Then she slipped two fingers in between the pink and crinkly lips and quickly worked herself to a climax. When she had finished, she got up and put on her clothes, smiled sweetly at Hengist — who stared goggled-eyed back — and then went back to her desk in reception.

Hengist was vaguely aware that Brock was speaking again. 'Does that answer your question?' he asked.

'Yes,' Hengist muttered. 'I suppose that it does. Obliging creatures, aren't they — these Auton females?'

'As you will no doubt find out for yourself,' Brock observed.

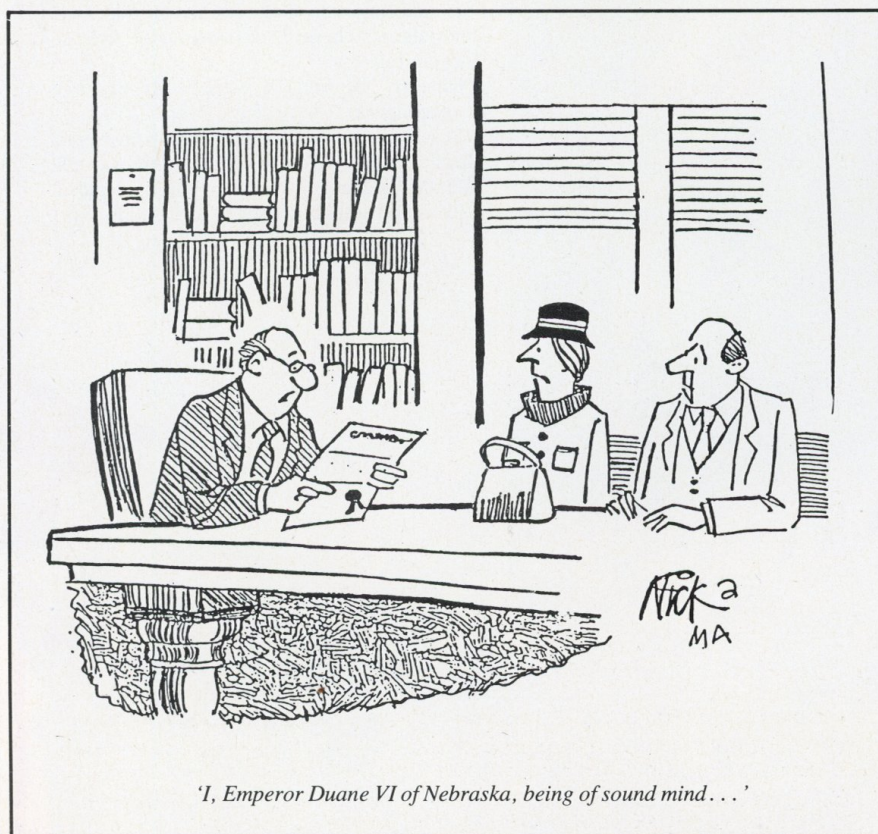
'Oh, no,' Hengist corrected him. 'My Marilyn will not be quite like your Miss Kingsley.'

Marilyn Monroe — Hengist's obsession. Ever since he'd come across her in the archives in a feature called: *Some Like It Hot*. He had found other old films and several photographs — even one of her naked. This had surprised him — knowing as he did how sexually repressive the period had been. 'God, what a torso!' he'd exulted. Large breasts, broad hips, ample thighs — so unlike the almost angular, flat-chested feminine ideal of his own time. So unlike Michaela, his wife.

What was that she had said — when he'd shown her the picture? 'Hengist, your taste in women is frankly perverse! She's a primitive — the archetypal breeder-feeder female! I mean, just look at her bosom and hips! Not to mention the eyes. Have you ever seen such dull and vacant eyes?' 'She has a certain sort of innocence I find appealing,' Hengist observed.

Michaela had paused to study the photograph more closely. 'It might be interesting,' she decided, 'to make love to a woman like that. Certainly, a novel experience. . . . Then abruptly, Michaela had become serious again. 'You know, Hengist,' she remarked, 'sometimes I think that your interest in this period — the twentieth century — is a little too intense. Almost unhealthy. I shall speak to the Dean of Studies. I'll ask her to transfer you to more suitable work.'

For the first and only time, Hengist had lost his temper with his wife. 'Don't you dare interfere in my work!' he'd shrieked. Michaela had recoiled — almost as if he had struck her. Then she had told him he was mad and stormed out of their apartment. Probably to stay with one of her



'I, Emperor Duane VI of Nebraska, being of sound mind. . . .'



continued from page 22

lesbian friends, Hengist thought. Michaela made no secret of her predilection for women. Marrying Hengist had been socially convenient, nothing more — as she told him shortly after their wedding. Now Michaela had been gone for six weeks. For all Hengist knew, she might have been dead.

And for all that he cared.

Friday lunchtime found Hengist sitting in his living room, anxiously waiting for his Marilyn Auton to arrive. He almost leapt from his seat when the computer-voice announced her. Then he stood transfixed at the vision of loveliness that appeared before his eyes.

Brock had got it exactly right. The heart-shaped face, spun-gold tresses, even those innocent doe-like eyes. Eyes that hinted at the personality underneath — uncertain, warm and very, very sexy.

Even as Hengist stared at what he knew was an Auton, smudges of pink appeared on her cheeks. 'Please don't stare,' she whispered softly. 'It makes me embarrassed.' It was a very human-sounding voice. A voice with a rich and sensuous timbre — nothing like the cold, arid tone of his wife.

My God! Hengist thought, she's absolutely perfect! Then he collected himself.

'I'm so sorry, my dear — Marilyn,' he murmured, taking her hand and leading her to the couch where she sat down beside him. Hengist's senses were alerted to her sweet and subtle fragrance. The warm, living flesh beside him roused instincts he had thought were long dead. A frightening, aching, almost primeval need to possess her engulfed him. And possess her he could — for was she not his property? On impulse, Hengist placed his hand on her breast. Abruptly, she stiffened. 'I'm not designed to respond in that fashion,' she told him.

'Whatever do you mean?' Hengist asked blankly.

'I am designed to the specifications you gave Mr Brock.'

Suddenly, Hengist understood. He had got what he had asked for. A woman of the twentieth century, from a time and culture when sexual relations were governed by well-defined rules and procedures. He would have to woo and seduce her — almost as if she had been Marilyn



Monroe in the flesh. At least go through the motions. 'Forgive me,' he said, reluctantly removing his hand from her breast.

'Would you like me to prepare you a meal?' she suggested.

'What?' Hengist asked uncertainly. 'The computer-chef sees to all that.'

'Oh, but I'd like to,' she whispered, squeezing his hand, her warm smile exposing small, perfect, white teeth. Like porcelain, they were — in contrast to the full and sensual red lips. And there was a gleam in her eye — nothing obvious or vulgar — but a suggestion nonetheless of what delights lay in store for Hengist after the meal. 'Thank you,' he said. 'I am rather hungry. You'll find everything you need in the kitchen.'

She stood up and smoothed her dress. It was made of some archaic material. Cotton, Hengist decided, fine and liable to crease. Almost covertly, he watched her — noting the swell of her hips, the firm and ample buttocks swinging gently back and forth as she glided from his sight — pausing to look back, with a coy and mischievous smile on her lips.

Hengist had to shift his position. His erection was becoming uncomfortable.

Marilyn created what she called: 'steak and french fries'. Of course, the steak wasn't actually animal flesh — anymore than the fries were real vegetable matter. But it tasted like nothing Hengist had ever eaten before. Rich and succulent — nothing like the bland and colourless food he was used to. As delicious as the alcoholic drink she concocted. Even if it did make his eyes water. Not to mention the strange transformation it worked on his mind.

Normally, Hengist was a taciturn man but now he was suddenly voluble. He felt light-headed and elated. But more than anything else, he was consumed with a burning sexual desire.

Marilyn was seated with her chin propped on her

hands, listening intently — as if Hengist's half-drunken prattle were sweet music to her ears. 'You know, I loved you from the moment I first saw you,' Hengist slurred, for a moment confusing the actress in 'Some Like It Hot' with her replica sitting opposite. He ran his finger down her cheek and traced the outline of her jaw, before moving down to stroke the soft flesh of her throat. Emboldened, Hengist slid his hand into the generous cleavage hidden under her bodice. There, he paused, half-expecting her to stiffen again. But she only smiled as if to encourage him. Heart leaping, innards melting, Hengist fastened his hand around a soft, warm, ivory breast.

Marilyn sat motionless as Hengist fumbled with the zip of her dress. Then she reached back to help him — achieving in one deft movement what his clumsy fingers couldn't manage at several attempts. She slipped the dress over her shoulders and slowly rose to her feet. Hengist watched spell-bound as the flimsy, white garment slithered down from her bosom, past the swell of belly and thigh, to land in a crumple round her ankles. Now Marilyn stood naked — her lush blonde pubic growth only inches from Hengist's bulging eyes.

Marilyn allowed him to lead her into the bedroom, to push her down onto the bed, to spread-eagle her legs — exposing the pink mat hidden under the curls at her groin. Then she watched in silence as he ripped off his clothes and stumbled, drunk with lust and alcohol, between her pearl-white thighs — grasping her buttocks and forcing her groin against his.

In spite of the alcohol, Hengist was larger and stiffer than ever before. Stiffer than he'd ever been with Michaela on the few and infrequent occasions when they'd made love. Usually, when Michaela had no current girlfriend, Hengist served as her port in the storm. Even then, she would lie there stiff and unyielding as Hengist jerked himself off between her legs. Hengist thought it hardly worth the effort. Masturbation was simpler and more fun.

But Marilyn's response was a delightful revelation. Moaning as he sucked her red nipples to hardness, gasping as his hot solid member squeezed in between the stiff, wet wall of her vagina.

Eagerly, her legs rose to lock round his waist, while her pelvis thrust up from the mattress — bouncing Hengist up and down on her belly, holding him captive till the climax exploded inside him. He was still pumping hard even after she had drained him, leaving him limp and tiny inside her. But then exhaustion overtook him and he collapsed in a sweating heap on her chest.

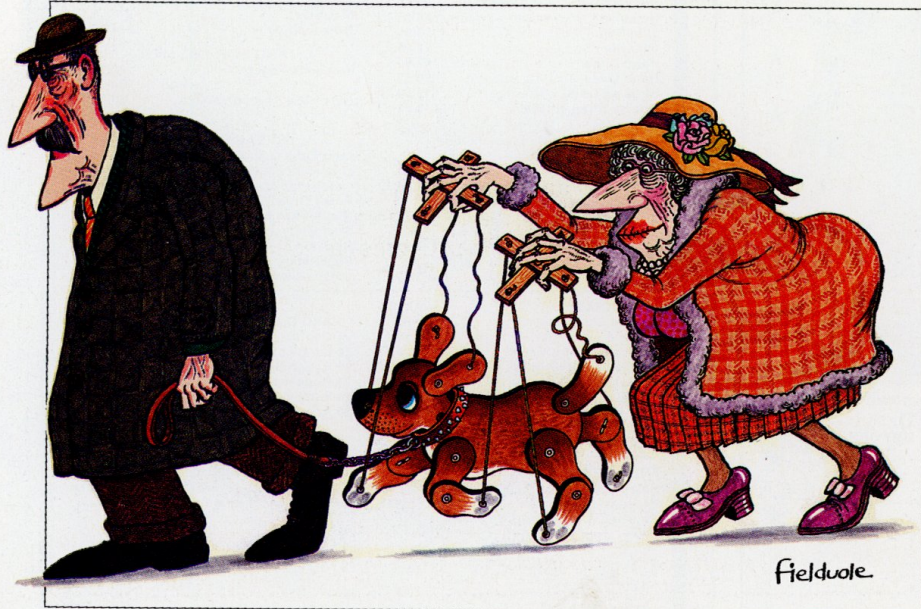
Hengist had his face buried in the pillow. Otherwise, he might have seen Michaela coming into the room. 'So this is what you get up to when my back is turned,' she said scornfully — amused, perhaps, rather than angry. Hengist turned and sat bolt upright in the bed. Michaela was standing with her hands on her hips, a cold smile of derision etched across her face.

'What on earth...' Hengist stammered. 'Why didn't the computer-voice announce you?'

'Because I live here, you fool,' Michaela said as if speaking to an idiot child. 'Or rather, I used to... Anyway, you'll be pleased to hear I'm moving back.' She glanced at Marilyn as if the girl was an inanimate object. 'Who is that?' she asked, gesturing in Marilyn's direction.

Hengist didn't answer.

Michaela bent down and peered myopically into Marilyn's face. Puzzlement deepened the





furrows on Michaela's wrinkled brow. 'Good God!' she muttered. 'She looks just like that woman in those pictures of yours.' Suddenly, awareness dawned. 'Good God!' she repeated. 'You've got yourself an Auton. You pervert!' 'Lots of men have Auton women,' Hengist pointed out, wondering why he felt the need to defend himself.

Michaela ignored him and examined Marilyn more closely 'Realistic, isn't she?' Michaela observed, as if she was examining live-stock. 'Rather appealing in a bovine sort of way.' Michaela grasped Marilyn's arm and pinched the flesh. Hard.

Marilyn didn't utter a sound; but tears welled up in her eyes. 'I see she feels pain,' Michaela remarked, like a scientist taking notes. 'I wonder if she feels pleasure...'

Abruptly, Michaela reached for Marilyn's breast, tweaked the nipple and paused to gauge her reaction. Marilyn stared back at her helplessly — glancing now and then at Hengist — her frightened, wide-eyed expression an eloquent plea for deliverance. 'Yes,' Michaela whispered. 'I could get a lot of pleasure out of you...'

This was as much as Hengist could take. 'Stop it, Michaela!' he implored her, surprised at his own temerity. 'Marilyn isn't designed for bi-sexual behaviour.'

'Oh, don't be absurd!' Michaela snapped back. 'She's only an Auton. I can do with her whatever I like!' Then she added briskly: 'Leave us, will you, Hengist. You can have her back later. When I've finished with her.'

Meekly, Hengist got up from the bed and went out of the room, cursing himself for the coward he was. Could he never stand up to Michaela? Not even now?

Naked, Hengist sat in the living room and covered his ears. Even so, he heard a loud, angry voice — Michaela's — then the sound of a blow and a cry of pain. Then the sound of someone sobbing. Then silence.

It was dawn before Hengist plucked up the courage to go back into the room. Marilyn was sitting at a mirror, fully dressed, applying lipstick. She was singing softly but Hengist was unable to make out the words. On the bed, Michaela lay naked — eyes wide open but in no sense awake. Her expression was a mixture of something like fear and disbelief. If anything Michaela's body seemed more angular than usual — possibly, because her head was tilted so very oddly. Hengist knew at once she was dead.

'Marilyn, what have you done?' he whispered hoarsely. Marilyn paused in mid-tune, turned to face Hengist and smiled. 'Auton hands are very strong,' she explained. Then she held up her own hands to demonstrate something. Hengist observed that her actions might be consistent with breaking somebody's neck.

Frantically, his mind raced. Getting rid of the body was easy enough. The large disposal unit which fed the recycling plant would do nicely, although it was doubtful if Michaela would have approved. As far as anyone knew, Michaela had moved out six weeks ago. Did anyone know she'd moved back? Well, what if they did? What could be proved?

Hengist glanced at his wife's still body. A smile of grim satisfaction appeared on his face. At the mirror, Marilyn was singing softly again as she ran a comb through her spun-gold tresses. Hengist listened to the words: 'I want to be loved by you, just you and nobody else. I want to be loved by you — just you — boo-boo, bee doo.'

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Main picture and insets: A fine 1934 Packard Super 8 Country Club convertible complete with dicky seat, known in America as a rumble seat due to rear axle vibration. Below:

Two views of a 15th series Super 8 touring sedan, 'so solid,' says Ed Alexander, 'it is like riding in a bank vault.'

Bottom left: A 1938 16th series Packard 8.

Bottom right: Two views of a 16th series Packard 8 Roadster 120 convertible.



President Roosevelt had one — and so did Joseph Stalin. In the 1930s, Packard's luxury cars outsold and outclassed even the Cadillac

# PACKARD:

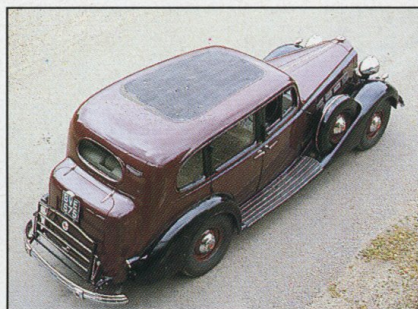
## the jewel of the jazz age

Photographed and  
described by  
Ed Alexander

One of the greatest slogans ever devised to promote the sale of a brand name was created by an unknown genius at least a half century ago. It made no wild claims and did not try to create either a macho or snob image for the potential client. It merely invited the customer to 'Ask the

man who owns one.' The 'one', of course, refers to a Packard car. Consider this. During what is considered to be the classic period of the luxury car which spanned the years from about 1920 to around 1934 or so, Packard outsold all other luxury marques combined. It outstripped its







closest rival, Cadillac, by a ratio of three to one, and in its peak classic year of 1927 sold 41,750 cars.

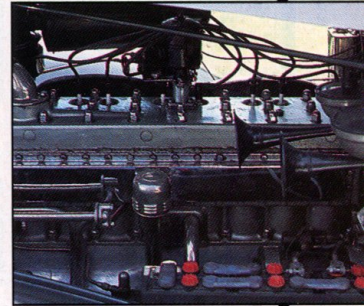
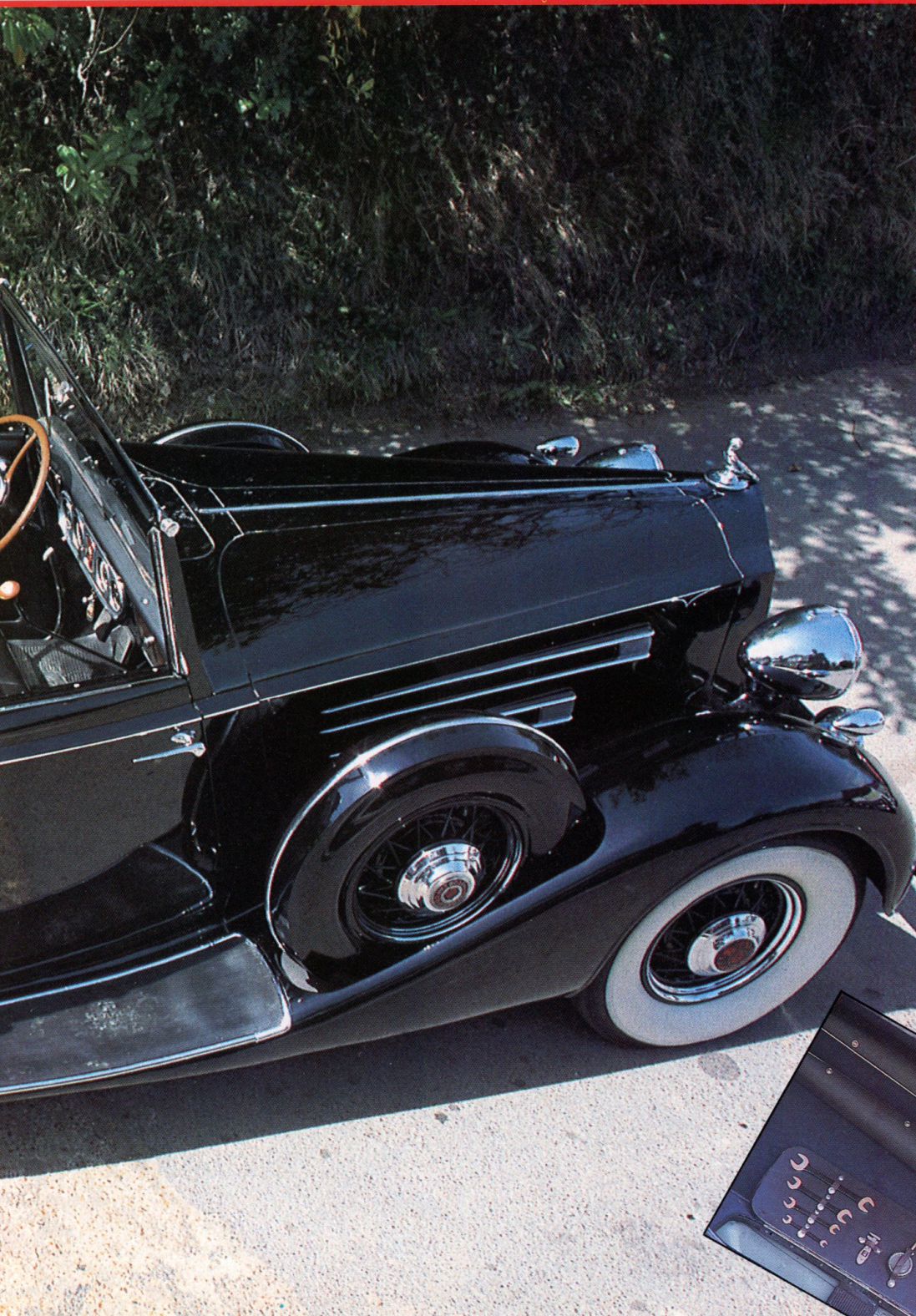
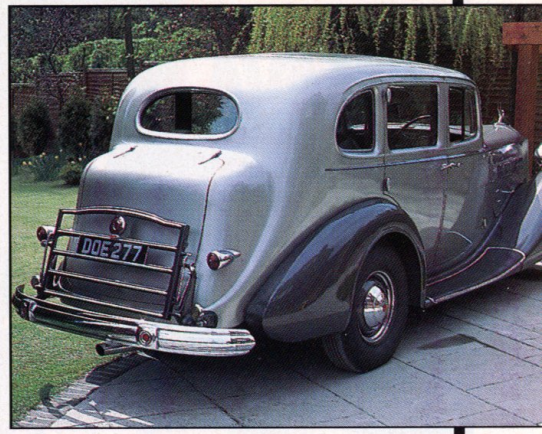
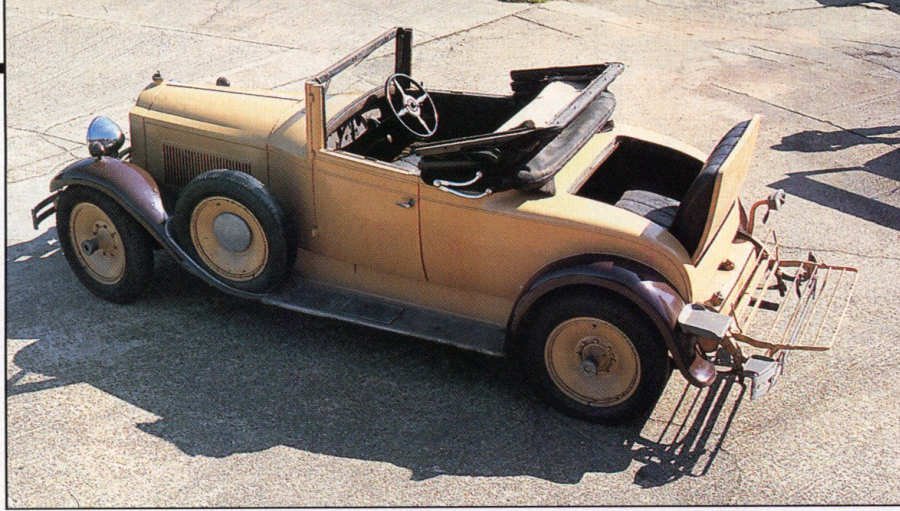
The first Packard saw the light of day on November 6, 1899, created by James Ward Packard and William Dowd Packard in the town of Warren, Ohio. Actually J W Packard had made the drawings some six years earlier. They had purchased a De Dion Bouton tricycle and brought it from France. A year or so later they had suggested improvements to the De Dion but were given short shrift, with advice to do their own thing if they could do better. After three years of manufacturing in a fairly small way they moved to Detroit, Michigan in September, 1903. On October 13 of that year the Packard Motor

Car Company was founded with capital of \$500,000. By 1911, the workforce numbered 6,000 and the factory covered 33 acres of floorspace. Along these lines, the entire plant was rebuilt by architect Albert Kahn as the world's first factory constructed in reinforced concrete. The date was 1925 and it was the most modern auto making facility on Earth. There were over 80 separate trades housed under one roof, and manufacturing equipment of the firm's own design produced precision parts equal or superior to any in the industry worldwide. The cost of this modernisation was \$36 million.

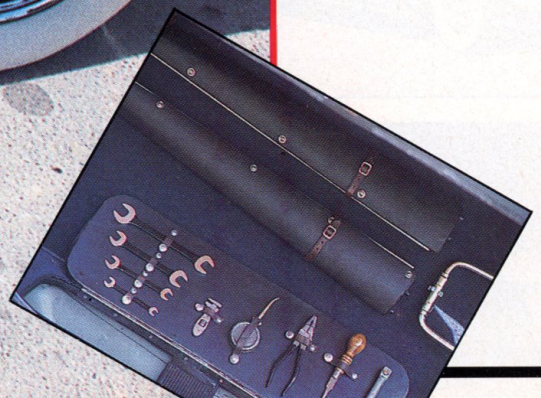
The Packard Co was also involved in both the marine and aero engine business. In 1925, a Packard 24-cylinder aero engine produced



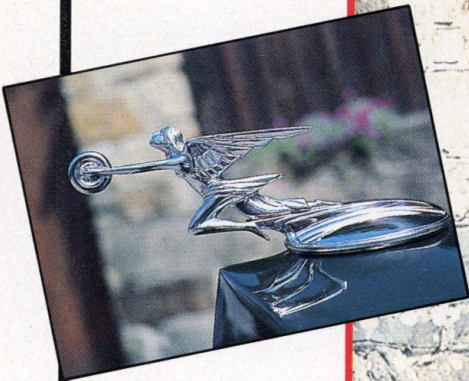




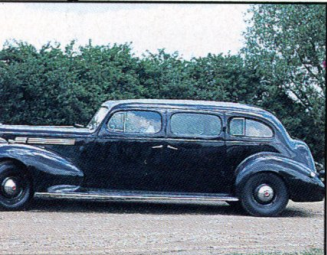
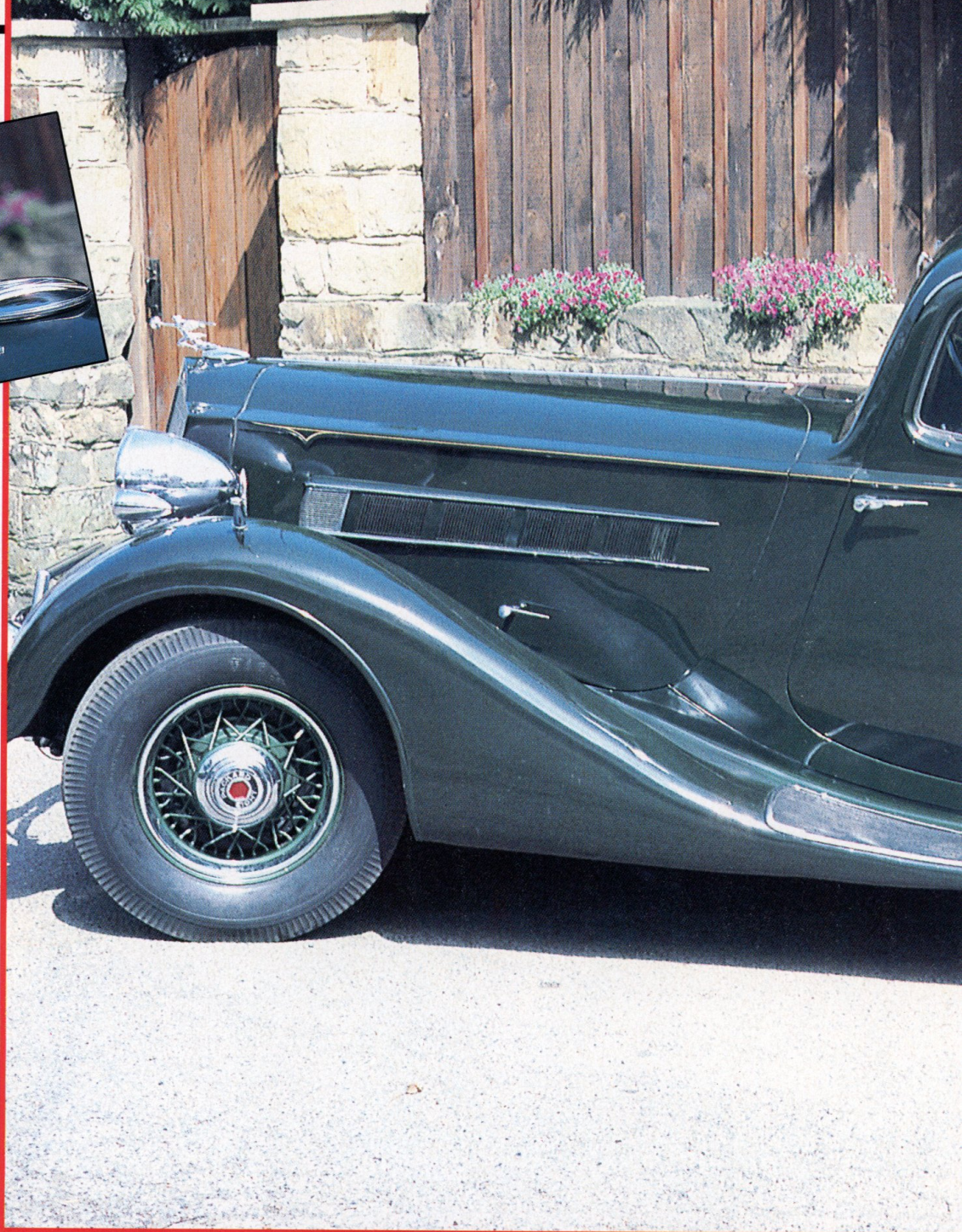
Main picture, top left and bottom right: A 14th series 12 cylinder town car with body by Le Baron complete with tool kit. Three pictures above: A 1937 16th series Super 8 touring sedan. Left: Two views of a 1928 sand-coloured 6th series Packard 8 convertible coupé. Note the golf bag door ahead of the rear wheel.



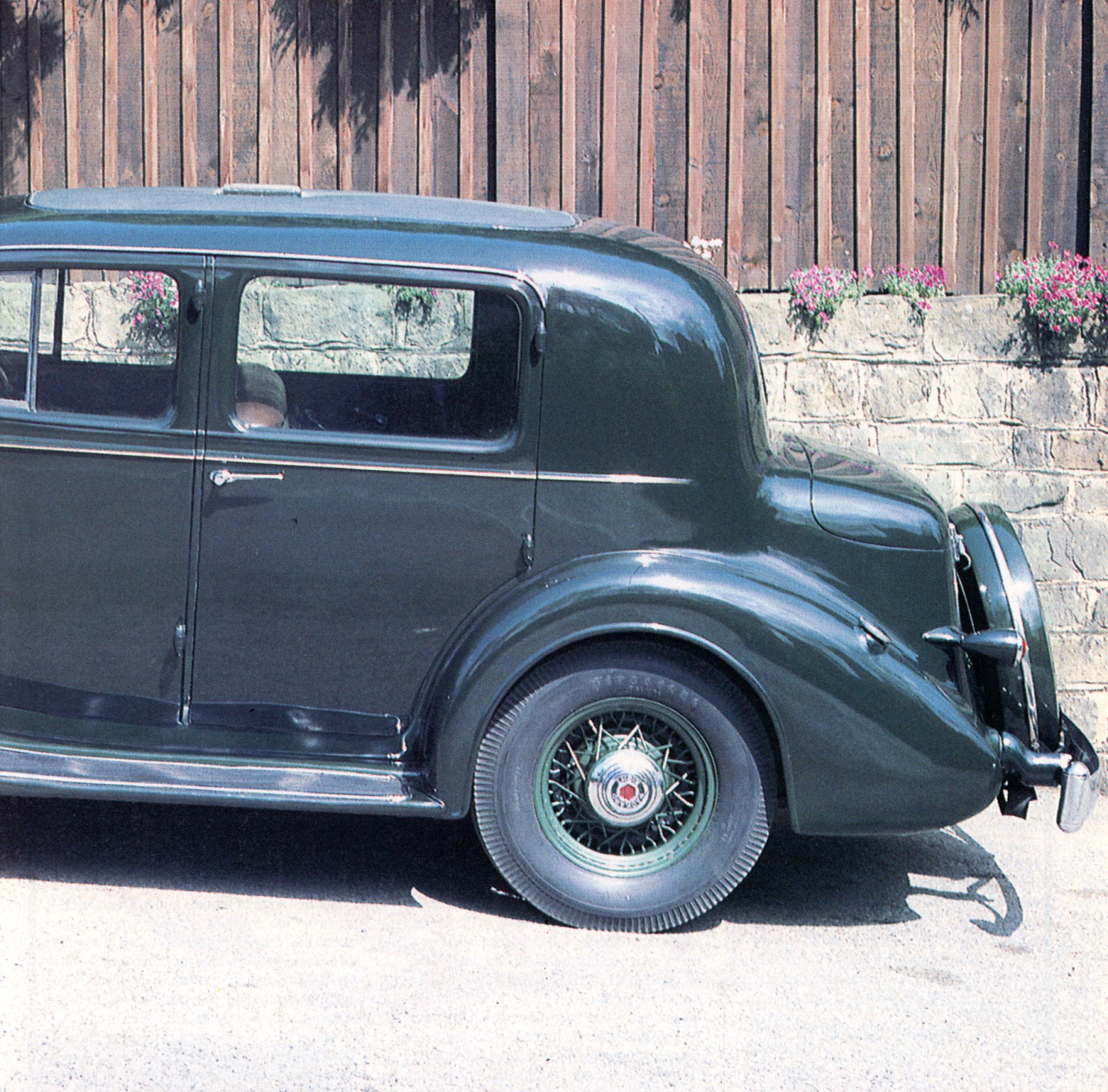




*Main picture: 14th series Packard 8 Club sedan. Above A Packard mascot, this one nicknamed 'The Donut Chaser'. Below: A 1938 Super 8 Limousine. Bottom two (left): This 1939 Super 8 Roadster was once owned by Fay Compton. Below middle: Standard 8 7th series 726 sedan. Bottom right: The 1938 V12 California limousine.*







1250hp, or one horsepower to each 18 ounces of weight. There was also a V8 aircraft motor to be installed inverted to improve visibility.

During this period, standard Packard marine engines powered the speedboat *Rainbow III* to an endurance record of 164 miles in 24 hours. In 1925, with Gar Wood at the helm, *Miss America X* set a speedboat record of almost 125mph. This craft was powered by four Packard twin six engines, developing 6400hp. Packard V8 engines were used by US Army tank corps.

Very early in the life of the company, J W Packard had a brief fling with racing but soon lost interest in about 1904. He abandoned the sport until 1917 when two cars were built for competition. The main purpose of these, however, owed less to the goal of prize winning than to the testing of aero engines for military purposes. The first of these cars was driven by Ralph De Palma who piloted it to finish sixth in the Indianapolis 500. The other competition



car was to achieve 150mph later in 1919. From 1921, Packard became synonymous with straight eight cylinder engines although they had been producing 12 cylinder units since 1915 and the twin six as it was called was dropped in June 1923. When a new and completely redesigned 12 came on offer on June 17, 1931 so great was the impact on the well-heeled that the news appeared on ticker tape at the Wall Street exchange.

1925 saw many technical improvements, such as the Bijur chassis lubrication system, also used by Rolls Royce. Other improvements included three brake shoes per wheel and larger main bearings on both six and eight cylinder crank shafts. That year also saw the introduction of chromium plating, by Oldsmobile, creating a new industry instantly. Laminated glass arrived in '26, but by this time the customer was expected to wait four months for delivery of his or her Packard. The factory wouldn't be hurried. For the fifth series cars, twin ignition coils were fitted to produce a fatter spark, and when the choke was in operation from a cold start, oil was sprayed on the cylinder walls to avoid the bores being scored. In 1925-7, over \$7 million was paid to the shareholders in dividends.

Sixth series cars commenced on August 1, '28. The cheapest Standard eight car was priced at \$2,275 compared with the \$435 Model A Ford. The six cylinder engine was abandoned — not to return until September 3, 1936 in Model 110. Newly introduced for the sixth series was the Speedster Eight — a sort of luxury sports car and thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters were introduced throughout the range.

Call it what you will, the roaring twenties, or the Jazz age, produced the heyday of the American Custom bodybuilders. Not only Packard but Cadillac, Chrysler, Pierce Arrow, Lincoln, and Duesenberg customers who were wealthy enough were able to indulge their every whim. Not that there was very much to improve on many of the styles offered at the factories. The peak year for the coachworks was 1929 — the crash year. The American auto industry produced a staggering 5.3 million units. By 1932, possibly the worst year of the depression, only 1.1 million sales were recorded. By this

## PACKARD: the jewel of the jazz age

time many of the bodyshops no longer existed or had been swallowed up by the largest corporations; GM, Ford or Chrysler.

For 1929, or the seventh series among their many thousands of sales in the US and smaller export market, notable clients were the royalty of Belgium, Egypt, Japan, Norway, Romania, Saudi Arabia, Spain, Sweden and Yugoslavia. Most of the first half of this century saw Packards in the White House garage.

Shortly after the Wall Street crash, it was realized by Packard management that if the firm was to survive it must target most sales in the medium-priced range. To remain afloat, volume was required and the designers were brought in from the larger producers to rethink production methods. Nevertheless, the large 12 was still in production and in 1933, while testing a new oil pressure regulating device, a Packard 12 was driven on the company test track continuously at a speed of 112mph for 56 hours before a big end failed. No mean feat, especially in 1933.

The real changeover year for Packard was 1935. The model 120, their first attempt at building a car to a price range, was introduced. Although, by Packard standards, a low priced item, seen overall in US industry terms the car fell into the middle cost sector. Some 10,000 were sold on the strength of the company reputation sight unseen. Packard had ten million dollars of customers' money up front before the official launch early in January 1935. The '120' actually refers to the 120 inch wheelbase. Considering the depression, the sales for the car were amazing. Although the 120 wasn't really in the same class as previous offerings, it at least equalled anything in its price range plus having the cachet of Packard. This model soon killed off the La Salle built by Cadillac.

By the mid 1930s, the American luxury market was virtually dead. Indeed, it accounted for a mere five percent of the industry's total sales. In less than five years, roughly half the workforce was employed in producing 6,000 'real' Packards and the other half turned out more than 55,000 copies of the so-called downmarket 120. While the 120 series were still fitted with Packard's legendary straight eight, 1936 brought yet another version called the 110. Based on the same chassis it was however equipped with a six cylinder unit, the first six cylinder Packard since 1928. The 110 was made on the same production line and sold 65,000 in its first year, the 120 contributing a further 50,000 cars. Of the small surviving luxury market, Packard still commanded 50 percent of all sales. Unfortunately, also in '36, the Bijur lube system was deleted from the expensive range in favour of the cheaper grease points.

One of the Packard's more distinguished customers in 1938 was Joseph Stalin who bought a luxury Super Eight convertible sedan, he was joined the following year by King Gustav V of Sweden and with Franklin Roosevelt in the White House a seven seat limousine with body and glass suitably bullet proofed to protect the President was supplied.

Regrettably the twelve was dropped. Test figures of the period showed that this two-and-a-half ton car could accelerate from 3mph to 30mph in top gear in 8.5 seconds.

During World War Two, Packard produced their re-engineered and production-simplified version of the Rolls Royce Merlin aero engine, producing more units than five UK plants.

Being wartime allies, Stalin cajoled F.D.R. into persuading Packard to sell the Soviets at nominal cost the tools and dies of the 160 and 180 luxury Packards which post war led to the idea that the Russians had copied Packard. Not so. Unfortunately, they also fitted it with a six cylinder engine instead of the eight which made it very underpowered.

As soon as peace broke out, production of the pre-war model resumed, until the first new model started in mid-1947. This was a convertible, the first for some years, and the remainder of the range was brought in a little later. The six was made solely for use in taxi fleets, and three versions of the eight for civilian use. Sales were very good at almost 99,000, and for 1949 the total was over 104,000.

By 1952, the board of directors reckoned it was time for new thinking at top management level and a gentleman named Nance was elected President of the company on the strength of taking the Hotpoint appliance firm from obscurity into third place in US sales.

Packard had realized that diversification was a necessity but under Mr Nance they became rather overstretched. A completely redesigned model was ordered by him to be ready for 1954 model year. This gave a mere 18 months for development and testing which proved impossible and the launch date was retarded. Additionally, a new and very costly engine-making facility was built at Utica, Michigan. At the same time, the company was merged with the Studebaker concern, the idea being that both firms should pool their dealerships to offer a complete range of models and prices à la GM. However the overlord of this combine was a Studebaker executive, and they were in a parlous state financially, resulting in Studebaker operating on Packard capital. Further diversification into space research and the takeover of a tractor company stretched capital resources even more.

Problems were compounded by the arrival of the already late new models. Sporting torsion bar suspension, controlled electrically by a self levelling mechanism, a new push button transmission and, for Packard road cars, the first bent eight engine. Because of the lack of time for testing and development, many cars had defects. Nance was forced to resign, and Studebaker took complete control. Everything was moved to their plant at South Bend, Indiana. The loyal Packard workforce of whom about 40 percent had been with the firm since the 20s and another 30 percent from the start of the 1930s were dispensed with. The final insult to the mighty Packard was the production of a badge engineered version of the Studebaker Hawk renamed Packard.

The Soviets continued to build the 1940 models until '59. Then they copied the '55, '56 Packard Caribbean through to the mid '60s.

So ends the story of one of the world's premier luxury cars. Possibly, it would have been more dignified to have passed away at the same time as Duesenberg and Pierce Arrow.

Many survive however, and the classics from the '20s and early '30s change hands for kings' ransoms whenever an owner can be persuaded to part with one. 🐾



*'Now, that's what I call a siesta.'*



By Gerald Rawling

Ulrike was the head, Andreas the engine and Gudrun the soul. Together they turned from their privileged up-brings to murder and mayhem...



# THE 'B BAADER- WEINHOF GANG

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD





**The affluent**

**offspring who**

**turned to terror**

It was around nine am on May 14, 1970, when two prison officers, Sergeants Wetter and Wegener, were ordered to escort one of the prisoners from Tegel Prison in West Berlin to the Central Institute for Social Issues in the Dahlem district of the same city. The prisoner was to meet a woman journalist in the Institute's reading room as they were collaborating on the writing of a book. Both prison officers were armed. At 9.30 their car drew up outside the Institute, and Wegener handcuffed himself to the prisoner as they entered the building. They were admitted by one of the staff, an elderly man, Georg Linke, who handed them over to Frau Lorenz, the librarian, who conducted them to the reading room where the journalist was already waiting. Wegener unlocked the handcuffs, and both



officers settled down to wait in the background, while prisoner and journalist talked quietly to each other, both chain-smoking, until one of the guards felt obliged to open the window to clear the stuffy atmosphere.

After a while the front door bell rang, and two young women requested admittance, having called the previous day to make an appointment. They got into the hall, but the librarian reminded them that they had been advised to come in the afternoon, since the reading room was occupied that morning. However, they were allowed to take a seat. Shortly after that, Georg Linke, back in his office, heard sounds of movement in the hall and, thinking that the front door might have been inadvertently left ajar, emerged to find the two young women opening it.

Instantly a man wearing a knitted green balaclava helmet, with only his eyes showing, burst into the hall waving two guns. He was followed by a woman, similarly masked, carrying a small bore rifle. The masked man shouted to the two women: 'Quick, get into the room!', then turned and shot Linke, who was trying to interfere. The old man took a bullet in the liver. The two women then burst into the reading room, letting fly with tear gas pistols, followed by the masked pair. There was a brief scuffle, in which Sergeant Wetter disarmed the masked man, but, by the time he got his own gun out, one of the invaders had fired a tear gas cartridge in his face at point blank range, temporarily, blinding him. He got off two shots, but they only hit walls. By then the prisoner, the journalist and all four of the intruders had jumped out through the window and piled into two cars waiting nearby with women drivers, engines running.

It was an incident which, remarkable though it may have been, would probably have been relegated to the inside pages of Berlin newspapers, had it not been for the identities of those involved. For the prisoner was Andreas Baader, the journalist was Ulrike Meinhoff and the masked woman was Gudrun Ensslin. All three were key members of what has come to be called the Baader-Meinhoff Gang — or the Baader-Meinhoff Group. At a later stage, its members would christen themselves the Red Army Faction — abbreviated, by the Germans, to the RAF.

The RAF avowed an extreme Left Wing philosophy dedicated to the overthrow of capitalism and the bourgeois society and, fighting against any form of authority, which was

## THE BAADER- MEINHOF GANG

regarded as 'fascist'; in Germany fascism meant Nazism. Their gods were Marx and Lenin, their prophets Chairman Mao and Ho Chi Min, their resident philosophers Jean-Paul Sartre and Herbert Marcuse.

The West German student rebellion began as early as 1966 with thousands marching in Bonn to protest against the Vietnam War, augmented six months later by even greater demonstrations when American Vice-President Hubert Humphrey visited the capital. But it was a visit by the Shah of Iran to Berlin — generally acknowledged to be politically to the right of John Wayne and Genghis Khan — which sparked off the beginnings of an organised group, when a student was killed by a nervous policeman, who had his gun 'off' safety.

Already some brickbats had been thrown at the imperial couple since the Empress, Farah Diba, had been unwise enough to declare in a glossy called *Neue Revue*, that, 'Summers are very hot in Iran and, like most Persians, I and my family travel to the Persian Riviera on the Caspian Sea.' The left wing periodical *konkret* (the lower case letter is deliberate) responded: 'Like most Persians — isn't that somewhat exaggerated? . . . Most Persians are peasants with an annual income of less than \$100. And for most Persian women every second child dies . . . And the children too, those that knot carpets in their 14 hour day — do they too, most of them, travel to the Persian Riviera at the Caspian Sea in summer?' That acid rejoinder was written by a star member of *konkret*'s staff, soon to become editor-in-chief. Her name was Ulrike Meinhoff. The night of June 2, 1968 the students turned out in force to accompany the Shah to the Opera House for a performance of *The Magic Flute*. The evening ended in an orgy of violence, the massed police, truncheons drawn, charging the students without warning and apparently supported by numerous pro-Shah Persians, wielding staves and iron bars.

Fourteen ambulances, thoughtfully provided by the police, were soon crammed with student

casualties.

But one plain-clothed officer, Sergeant Karl-Heinz Karras had his pistol out and let fly, killing Benno Ohnesorg, a 26-year-old student. It was the first demonstration he had ever attended. 'It just went off', Karras said later.

But what really went off was the conception of Baader-Meinhoff, for that same evening, a slim attractive young woman with long blonde hair was weeping uncontrollably at the meeting of the SDS (equivalent to our National Union of Students), declaring 'The fascist state means to kill us all. We must organise resistance. Violence is the only way to answer violence. This is the Auschwitz generation and there's no arguing with them.'

The speaker was Gudrun Ensslin, and she meant that the students were rebelling against the Nazi regime that their parents had permitted to exist. During this traumatic sequence of events Andreas Baader had been in youth custody in Traunstein, serving a sentence for the theft of a motor bike, and driving recklessly without a licence. But he came to Berlin in the summer of 1967, met Gudrun Ensslin and the two became lovers and unquestioned leaders of the group.

Baader was born on May 6, 1943 in Munich, son of an historian and archivist who, while serving in the Army was captured by the Russians and then simply vanished — posted as missing. Thus young 'Andi', an extremely pretty boy with long dark eyelashes and piercing blue eyes, was brought up entirely by women — his mother, grandmother and an aunt, who spoiled him completely. He was highly intelligent but lazy, and could seldom be bothered to pursue his academic studies with any enthusiasm. He was also insolent, rebellious and a born fighter.

His mistress, Gudrun Ensslin, was born in 1940 in the tiny village of Bartholoma in Swabia. She was the fourth of seven children born to a Protestant Pastor and his wife, Illse. She was a bright scholar and went on to Tübingen University, reading German and English Language and Literature, ending up living temporarily with a fellow student, Bernhard Vesper, who assisted her in setting up a small publishing house for the issue of anti-bomb and anti-Vietnam books. The couple had a son in May, 1967, but Ensslin abandoned both the child and her 'fiance' 11 months later when she moved in with Baader.

Ulrike Meinhoff, the third leading member of the

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# THE CELESTIAL BED

FROM INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

# IRVING WALLACE

OUT NOW IN SPHERE PAPERBACK





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organisation was older than the others, born on October 7, 1930 in Oldenburg, but she had the familiar middle class background, her father becoming curator of the Municipal Museum at Jena, where they moved in 1936. Young Ulrike was intelligent, talented and charming, achieving immediate popularity at university, where she studied education and psychology. But journalism was her natural forte; in 1958 she met Klaus Raine Rohl, the editor of *konkret* and three years later she married him, having supplanted him as editor-in-chief. Like Gudrun Ensslin, she became a mother (twin girls in her case) and, like Gudrun, eventually deserted both her children and their father.

The first positive action taken by what would come to be called the Baader-Meinhoff group was taken in April, 1968, when Baader and Ensslin, along with two student friends, Thorwald Proll and Horst Sohnlein, decided to set fire to a couple of department stores in Frankfurt as an 'act of political revenge'.

Baader and Ensslin cased the first store during the day, then came in just before the 6.30 pm closing time and planted their home-made incendiary devices, the timing devices being set for midnight. But as they walked out their tatty student clothing attracted the attention of sales assistants, who were later able to pick them out of an identity line-up without hesitation.

The bombs duly went off and both stores had fires, but the fire brigade was quickly called and more damage was caused by firemen's hoses than the flames. The four arsonists, habitually short of cash, spent the night in the flat of a woman who seems to have been little more than a casual acquaintance. The woman's live-in lover became suspicious of their behaviour, and during the next day the police received an anonymous tip-off and raided the flat. All four were taken into custody, since materials found in their car and in Gudrun's handbag matched with the incendiary devices, one of which had failed to go

off and was recovered intact. They were all found guilty of arson and endangering human life. They each got three years.

In the meantime, only a week after the Frankfurt arson attempts another incident poured more fuel on the bonfire of student unrest in Berlin. Newspaper baron Axel Springer's extreme right wing papers, principally *Deutsche National Zeitung*, had been running an anti-left wing student campaign aimed chiefly at the SDS leader, Rudi Dutschke. A mentally subnormal house painter of 24 named Josef Bachmann, clearly aroused by Springer's cry, 'Stop Dutschke now!' bought himself a pistol and attempted to assassinate the student leader as he left his house on a bicycle, hitting Dutschke twice in the head. Dutschke survived after emergency operations, and Bachmann was arrested after trying to commit suicide with an overdose of sleeping tablets, but Berlin's student population was thoroughly aroused and, to them, it seemed clear that responsibility for the murder attempt should be laid at the door of Axel Springer and his press. Accordingly, on April 11, 1968 well over 1,000 demonstrators, among whom was Ulrike Meinhoff, stormed the Springer building in Kochstrasse. They formed a barricade of parked cars to prevent Springer trucks leaving for distribution of the papers and, when police overturned them to carve out a passage, the students sailed in with home-made Molotov cocktails, which set many delivery vans ablaze. The four arsonists were released from prison after serving months of their sentences, pending

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an appeal. It was probably Ensslin's idea for herself and Baader to turn up regularly to talk to young people 'in care', known to social services as 'apprentices'. One of them later recalled: 'The Baader group appeals to the apprentices because there's adventure, wild, exciting driving, you're going into action... getting the better of this or that liberal shit...'

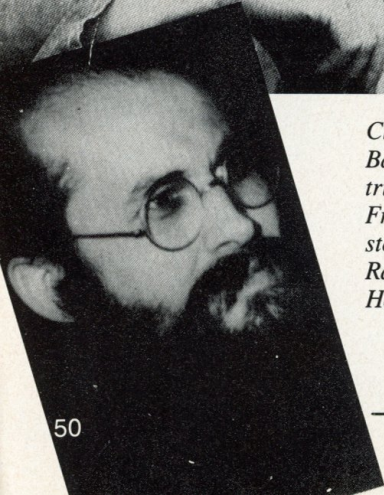
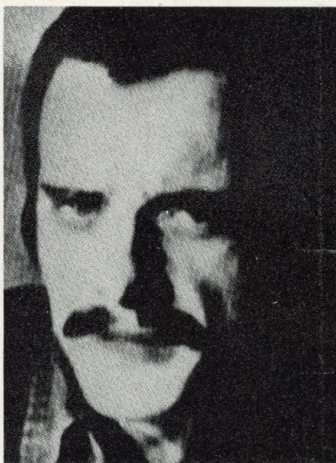
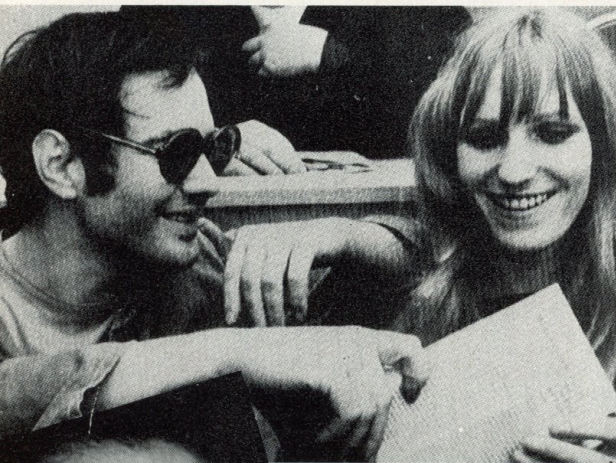
This was Baader talk of course. He was the self-indulgent, violent member of the group, glorying in the theft of cars or money and constantly on the lookout for firearms, while Ensslin had a more intellectual approach. Certainly it seems that, until Meinhoff joined them, Ensslin was the backbone of the organisation, Baader merely the muscle. But later the Criminal Investigation Office, BKA (roughly equivalent to the American FBI) would rate them as follows: 'Ulrike is the head, Andreas the engine and Gudrun the soul'.

In November 1969, the Federal High Court heard the appeal for the arsonists and rejected it. This meant that they would have to go back to prison and, while Sohnlein and Proll eventually gave themselves up, Baader and Ensslin 'went underground', stealing cars and obtaining false passports, running all over Europe to places like Paris and Rome before returning to Berlin in February, 1970. There, they descended on Ulrike Meinhoff and used her flat as a temporary haven, as she was considered a sympathiser. Baader, however, did not remain at liberty for long once he returned to Berlin. Driving a friend's car in his habitually reckless manner, he was stopped by the police. He was promptly detained and, once his real identity was established, the police delightedly sent back one of their most 'wanted' criminals to Tegel Prison to serve out the remainder of his sentence.

His mistress, Gudrun, seems to have been the prime mover in his rescue from prison. She recruited Ulrike and others like the two women, Ingrid Schubert and Irene Georgens, who played their parts in Baader's spectacular rescue. For Ulrike, the journalist, it was the end of her career. She, too, had to go 'underground' along with Baader, Ensslin and a lawyer called Horst Mahler, who was also sympathetic to their cause. They all fled on forged passports, initially to Beirut, and then on to a PLO training camp. Here they were initially welcomed by an Algerian commandant called Achmed, but European middle class culture still retained some prejudices, despite the revolutionary fervour. The food was frightful by western standards, and one German girl asked plaintively why there was no Coca Cola dispensing machine. Arab trainees, on the other hand were stunned to find women in the camp at all, let alone the fact that they were openly sleeping with the men. When it came to the German girls sunbathing nude on the roof they were either stupefied or outraged — most of the young Arab volunteers had never seen a naked woman before.

Baader did not help, quarrelling noisily with Commandant Achmed. Shortly, disagreement between German trainees and Palestinian commanders reached flash point. Palestinian troops raided the German huts, disarmed them and bundled them out of the country, thankful to be rid of their insubordinate guests. In one way at least the Germans were lucky, for only a few weeks later Jordanian and/or Israeli troops launched an offensive against the Palestinian encampment and wiped it out, killing practically

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*Clockwise from above:  
Baader and Ensslin on  
trial for arson attacks on  
Frankfurt department  
stores (1968). Jan-Carl  
Raspe. Irmgard Möller.  
Horst Mahler.*





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everyone in the camp, including Achmed himself. Finally returning to Berlin and still very much 'underground', the group planned their immediate operations. At this stage their most urgent requirements were money, transport and weapons. Mahler and Baader managed to recruit two members of the lumpen proletariat, Eric Grusdat, car repair mechanic and his employee, Karl-Heinz Ruhland, explaining that they would steal or hire cars and bring them round for complete re-spray, change of engine numbers and licence plates so that they could be used in future operations. Both mechanics agreed, although it seems that they were more interested in the money they were promised than in any political ideology.

Having got transport, money was the next most important thing and the gang planned to rob four Berlin banks on the same day at the same time. D Day was set for September 29, 1970, H Hour for 9.50 am — and that previously respectable lawyer, Horst Mahler, seems to have master-minded the operation. One attempt had to be aborted as the target bank was swarming with labourers erecting scaffolding in the banking hall, but three other operations were successfully carried out.

After that it was raiding mayoral offices to get blank identity cards, passports and official stamps. Then looking around for firearms — principally handguns. Meinhoff and Ruhland, who were now occasionally sleeping together drove off to Frankfurt, where Meinhoff had arranged a meeting with Palestinian Al Fatah agents, who sold her 23 9 mm Firebirds — the guns they had been taught to use in Jordan.

But life in Berlin was becoming increasingly dangerous for the group. An anonymous tip-off resulted in Berlin police surrounding an apartment in the Knesebeckstrasse and capturing Horst Mahler, Irene Georgens and two other women. All four were armed with a variety of handguns and plenty of ammunition. The apartment was crammed with recipes and ingredients for making explosives, and other incriminating data. As a result, the surviving members went further underground — in the sense of leaving West Berlin for other towns in West Germany. By now new members had joined the group, people like Holger Meins, a student at the Berlin Film Academy, 19-year-old Beate Sturm, a physics student at the Free University, who fell under the spell of Baader and then Jan-Carl Raspe, one more student sociology student, frequently described as a gentle, scholarly type — but with a 9 mm Firebird Parabellum invariably on his person.

Frankfurt was their initial resting place, although by now most of them were on WANTED posters and had to keep moving. In Frankfurt an unfortunate writer, Michael Schulte, was conned by Ulrike into allowing his apartment to be invaded by 'some people from leftist circles'. These included the remaining hardcore of the gang — Baader, Meinhoff, Ensslin, Raspe, Astrid Proll, Meins, Beate Sturm and two other girl recruits, 16-year-old Ilse Stachowiak, who was already adept at stealing cars and 19-year-old Petra Schelm. Most of these fugitives descended on the unfortunate Schulte who, ironically enough, had written in one of his books: 'I love adventure, and yet I have experienced almost none. Dangers elude me, my existence is an ordered one, my everyday life is humdrum.' With the Baader Meinhoff gang camping out in his apartment he was forced to

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reconsider that statement. He was banned from his own living room, while Baader, at his most arrogant, amused himself by tearing off the covers of his 'host's' books, and making notes on them. Schulte eventually fled the apartment and went to stay with relatives until his unwelcome guests had left.

Initially the group were still thinking in terms of raiding banks and stealing cars, operations which were successfully carried in places like Kassel and Kaiserslautern. But one bank raid in Hamburg ended up with a security guard being killed, and another death occurred in the same city when a policeman was killed by a gang member named Margrit Schiller, who shot him while he was trying to arrest her. Meanwhile young Petra Schelm died in a shoot-out with security forces when she was stopped, driving a stolen car. It was she who initiated the gunfire, but both sides were getting trigger happy.

For some of the teenagers in the gang it became too rough, and they chickened out. Beate Sturm rang her mother in Leverkusen and said she was coming home. She was one of the lucky ones. Less fortunate was Ingeborg Barz, who told the leadership that she had decided to leave the group because of 'its violent acts.' She ended up dead in a dried out riverbed near Ludwigshafen, reputedly executed by Baader.

By now the gang was moving into top gear. Well-heeled from bank raids, well-mounted from car thefts, and now with some expert advice on bomb-making, they launched themselves into a series of bombing raids, all of which took place in May, 1972, sparked off, it seems, by the news that the American Air Force had mined harbours in North Vietnam.

The first, on May 11, was in Frankfurt at the HQ of US Army Fifth Corps, where three separate bombs blew up the entrance and the officers' mess. They had been laid by Baader, Meins, Raspe and Ensslin. Thirteen people were injured and one killed — Lt.-Col. Bloomquist, a much decorated Vietnam veteran. Responsibility was claimed by the 'Petra Schelm Commando of the RAF'. Next day it was Police HQ in Augsburg where two women (Irmgard Möller and Angela Luther) boldly walked in and left three time bombs on the fourth floor. The devices went off at midday, and wrecked most of the building, injuring five policemen. On the same day a Ford sedan blew up in the car park of the State Criminal Investigation Office in Munich. No one was hurt, but 60 cars were destroyed, and windows blown out for hundreds of yards around. Baader, Meins and Ensslin were responsible for that one, and also for a further attack three days later, in Karlsruhe, against Federal Judge Wolfgang Buddenberg, who had been particularly active in signing warrants for arrest or search in respect of B-M activities. They wired up his car for explosion when the ignition was switched on, but failed to harm the judge, since it was his unfortunate wife who climbed into the car and started it. She was crippled for life with severe leg injuries.

Next it was Meinhoff's turn. On the 19th, along with young Ilse Stachowiak and two male

helpers, she revenged herself on her old enemy, Axel Springer, leaving two bombs in the lavatories of the Springer building in Hamburg, which exploded in the middle of the night. Seventeen workers were injured, two of them severely, but the toll could have been significantly higher since three further bombs failed to go off.

But on May 24 occurred the most destructive of the bombing operations, this time at the US Army's Supreme HQ in Heidelberg. The bombers were Baader, Meins, Möller and Luther. Two car bombs were driven into the car park and left against the wall of clubhouse used by soldiers to entertain their wives, children, guests, and staffed by numerous civilians. The delayed action bombs went off at around six pm and miraculously killed only three men — all soldiers. Responsibility was again admitted, this time by 'Red Army Faction Commando Fifteenth July' — another reference to Petra Schelm, who died on that date.

By now, other left wing student organisations were distancing themselves from the RAF, and substantial rewards were on offer for information leading to the arrest of B-M leaders, with enormous posters showing mug shots of the principals on display at every police station and town hall. Ordinary law-abiding citizens also played their part. One of them rang Frankfurt Police HQ and reported strange 'goings on' at a garage near his apartment — gas cylinders being hauled in (for the making of bombs, he thought) by 'young people' in 'ostentatiously big cars'. The police descended and staked out the place. They were rewarded with the arrival of three men in a Porsche. One stood guard on the car (Raspe) while the other two (Baader and Meins)

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*Ulrike Meinhoff being arrested in Hanover by the police (June, 1972)*



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went into the garage. The police presence was enormous — around 150; after an exchange of shots and tear gas grenades, all three men were arrested. The only man hurt was Baader with a bullet through the fleshy part of the leg. He was carried off, screaming with pain and shouting. 'You swine, you filthy cops'.

A week later, Gudrun Ensslin wandered into a boutique in Hamburg and dropped her leather jacket on a sofa, while she went into a dressing room to try on sweaters. A tidy salesgirl picked up the jacket to put it on a hanger and, thinking it very heavy, found a shiny revolver in one of the pockets. Police were called and Gudrun was arrested. Her handbag disclosed another gun, a Browning 9 mm automatic fully loaded with a spare clip.

The following week it was Ulrike's turn, in a suburb of Hanover, where she had sought refuge in the apartment of a left wing teacher, who got scared and asked friends for advice. They told him to call the police — and thus Meinhoff fell into the net.

After that Irmgard Möller was picked up by police in Offenbach, when she was betrayed by a fringe member of the RAF who, having his own troubles with the police, decided to square accounts by handing over a much wanted terrorist.

Initially, the B-M leaders were widely separated in their prisons — Baader in Schwalmstadt, Ensslin in Essen, Meins in Wittlich, Möller in Rastatt, Meinhoff in Ossendorf (a suburb of Cologne) along with Astrid Proll, now under arrest but carefully kept from communicating with her fellow gang member. All remained in strict isolation, and compared themselves with the inmates of Nazi concentration camps.

The various imprisoned gang members, who managed to contrive an impressively efficient 'info' system through their respective lawyers (because they were allowed visits) then went on hunger strike. Prison doctors introduced forcible feeding, but, nonetheless, Holger Meins died in November, 1974. The news of his death prompted militant student marches in every important town in West Germany, but by now yet another student group was becoming operational. 'Movement Second June' (the date commemorated the death of Benno Ohnesorg back in 1967) was pro— Baader/Meinhoff, but very much more anarchist than communist-orientated, and therefore suspect to idealist leaders of B-M like Ulrike and Gudrun.

The long awaited trial of the four surviving principals took place at Stammheim Prison, and the authorities constructed a special high-security building adjacent to the premises for the event. In the meantime Movement Second June inherited the mantle of Baader/Meinhoff. On November 10, 1974 a group of young people barged their way in to the apartment of Berlin's senior judge in the Supreme Court of Justice, Gunter von Drenkmann. They then shot and killed him.

Judge Drenkmann was a civil judge, and had not the remotest connection with any of the Baader/Meinhoff gang. This, not surprisingly, failed to elicit any sympathy from the gang members, now all in Stammheim, who issued a collective edict, declaring 'We shed no tears for the late Drenkmann... This action was necessary because it showed every pig of a lawyer or a cop that he too can be called to account.'

Events leading up to the Stammheim trial were

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horrific. Unidentified German students found their way into the West German Embassy in Stockholm and took over the building. They called themselves the 'Holger Meins Commando', which presumably meant they were B-M orientated. They carried explosives sufficient to blow up the whole building, and quickly cornered 11 members of the embassy staff on the third floor, where they bound and gagged them, forcing them to lie on the floor in a circle with heads in the middle. Prisoners included the Ambassador himself, his military, cultural, economics and press attachés, together with his office manager and a clutch of secretaries and assistants.

Thus armed, the raiders demanded the release of 26 terrorists held in West German prisons, the first four of which were the principal B-M leaders in Stammheim. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt would not be blackmailed,

despite the threat that the terrorists would shoot one hostage every hour until their demands were met. Thus the military attaché, Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Andreas von Mirbach was marched out onto a landing and then shot at five times. The terrorists then threw his body down a couple of floors, and allowed Swedish police to remove the unfortunate Mirbach to hospital, where he died three hours later.

Next it was the turn of the economics attaché 64-year-old Dr Hillegaart. He was dragged out to a window. He was shot three times from behind and his corpse left dangling out of the window. The Swedish Minister of Justice was by now in communication, and offered the terrorists safe conduct in return for freeing the hostages. The offer was refused and the Swedish police were on the point of attacking with tear gas and stun grenades, when there was a tremendous explosion on the third floor, where both terrorists and captives were located. Just what happened is uncertain, but one of the terrorists, who forgot the golden rule, 'Explosives are perfectly safe, until you forget they are dangerous', made a mistake which cost him his life and mortally wounded one of his companions. The remainder of the Embassy staff were thankfully rescued, and what was left of the Holger Meins Commando limped painfully into custody. The trial of Baader, Meinhoff, Ensslin and





Raspe, commenced on May 21, 1975 at the new Stammheim building; it was to drag on for two years and 192 days, largely because of contemptuous delaying tactics by the defendants. Two major incidents also had their effect in delaying the judicial process. On Saturday night, May 8/9, 1976, Ulrike Meinhoff hanged herself in her cell, using a blue and white prison towel, torn into strips. Despite earnest attempts by the foreign press and German student groups to prove that she was murdered by the State, two postmortems established clearly that she had died by her own hand. She had recently fallen out with cell mates, Baader and Ensslin, over ideological matters, and some months before had written: 'Suicide is the last act of rebellion.'

A response came on April 7, 1977, just three weeks before the trial Judge sentenced Baader, Ensslin and Raspe to life sentences. A student group calling itself the Ulrike Meinhoff Commando ambushed the Mercedes car carrying the Federal Prosecutor General, Siegfried Buback, to his office. A Suzuki motorcycle pulled up alongside at traffic lights, and, as the lights turned green, the pillion passenger opened fire with an automatic weapon, killing Buback, his driver and the manager of the Federal Prosecutor's Transport Pool.

Sentencing of the prisoners and the incarceration of all RAF detainees in Stammheim, did little to prevent further attempts to obtain their release by those RAF and Movement Second June members still at large. On July 30, 1977 three smartly dressed and well-behaved young people talked their way in to the house of Jurgen Ponto, a leading banker in Oberursel. Shortly afterwards Ponto died after being shot five times by a woman, subsequently revealed to be Brigitte Mohnhaupt, an RAF member.

The next one, on September 5 was more efficient. Hanns Martin Schleyer, prominent industrialist and President of the Employers' Association, was kidnapped in Cologne on the way from his office to his apartment. The police, regarding him as a prime security risk, had him followed at all times by an unmarked police car, but driving down a one way street, Schleyer's chauffeur had to slam on the brakes when a pram appeared suddenly in front of him. The following police car ran into the back of Schleyer's vehicle and five masked figures suddenly materialised, blazing away with automatic weapons. Schleyer was dragged out and bundled into a VW minibus. They left behind four dead men — the chauffeur

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and the three policemen in the back-up car. Shortly afterward yet another RAF Commando demanded the release of Baader, Ensslin and Raspe, along with Irmgard Möller and Ingrid Scubert, who had now been transferred to Stammheim, and five or six other RAF prisoners. Once again Chancellor Schmidt took the hard line, playing for time and refusing the kidnappers' demands. After a terrible 44 days Schleyer was murdered.

The next incident occurred on October 13, while negotiations were still going on with Schleyer's kidnappers. A Lufthansa Boeing 737 on a flight from Palma de Mallorca to Frankfurt was hijacked by four terrorists (two men and two women, apparently of Palestinian origin). There were 86 passengers aboard, along with the captain, co-pilot and three hostesses. Once again the demands were for the release of German prisoners — and the unfortunate passengers had a bumpy ride. They landed successively at Rome, Larnaca in Cyprus, Bahrain, Dubai and Aden, before ending up in the Somali capital of Mogadishu. On the way, the hi-jacker leader, who gave his name as 'Martyr Mahmud' shot the aircraft's captain, Jurgen Schumann, and dropped his body out of the emergency chute at Mogadishu as an earnest of his intentions. But German troops of the GSG9 — roughly equivalent to our own SAS — had been following only hours behind, and successfully stormed the hi-jacked aircraft with stun grenades. They overpowered the four hi-jackers, killing three, and the remaining crew and passengers emerged unharmed.

The effect on the remaining Baader/Meinhoff prisoners can only be described as devastating. With the Schleyer kidnapping and the hi-jack operations both proving fruitless, it seems probable that they lost heart, and they already had Ulrike Meinhoff's example before them. On the night of October 17/18, 1977 all four remaining Baader/Meinhoff principals — Baader, Ensslin, Raspe and Möller — attempted

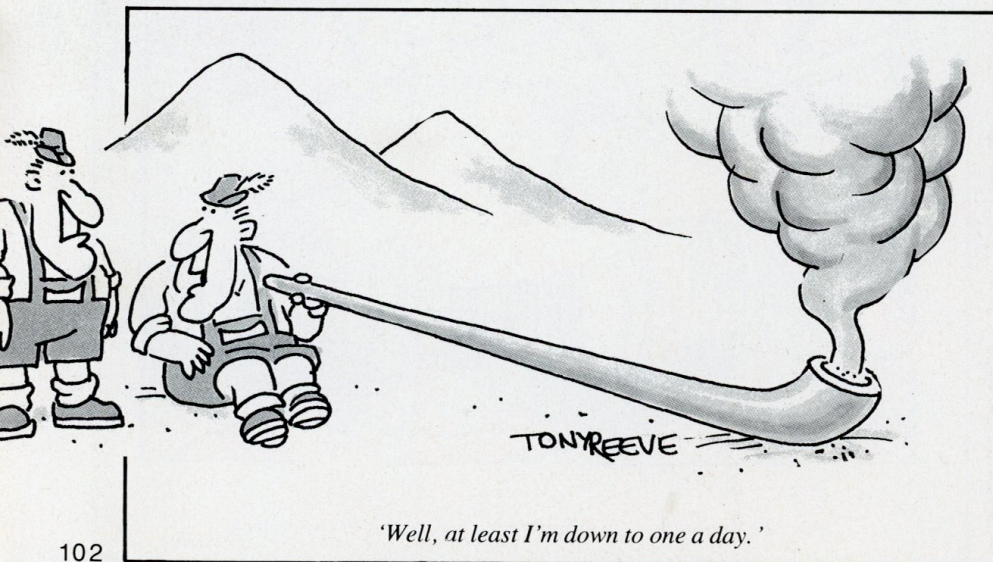
suicide. Incredible though it may seem in a 'maximum security' prison, both Baader and Raspe had guns in their cells — Baader, in fact had two, although one of them, a Colt .38 revolver, was concealed in the skirting board of a cell he had left at short notice without a chance to retrieve it. But he still had his Hungarian FEK 7.65 mm automatic concealed inside his record player. Raspe had a Heckler and Koch 9 mm automatic concealed in his cell. Lawyers, it seems, friendly to the prisoners, had smuggled these items in, either at courtroom appearances, or on prison visits.

It was probably Raspe, with a transistor radio in his cell, who passed on the news of the Mogadishu rescue to his cell-mates and, through the highly efficient 'info' system they had developed, unknown to prison warders they agreed on a suicide pact. For warders opening up the cells on the seventh floor next morning it was to prove an uncomfortable experience. They found three prisoners dead and one seriously injured. Arrogant actor and playboy to the last, Baader had fired off two shots into his mattress and the wall, carefully collecting the spent cartridge cases and placed them beside his body, clearly simulating a fight; he then held the gun two-handed at the nape of his neck and pressed the trigger with his thumb. The bullet came out through his forehead.

Jan-Carl Raspe was more conventional, holding the muzzle of his gun against his right temple, and blowing his brains out. Gudrun Ensslin fashioned a hanging rope and a noose from insulated cable. She was dead when they found her. The only unsuccessful suicide candidate was Irmgard Möller, who stabbed herself in the chest four times with a prison issue table knife. She failed to find her heart and survived.

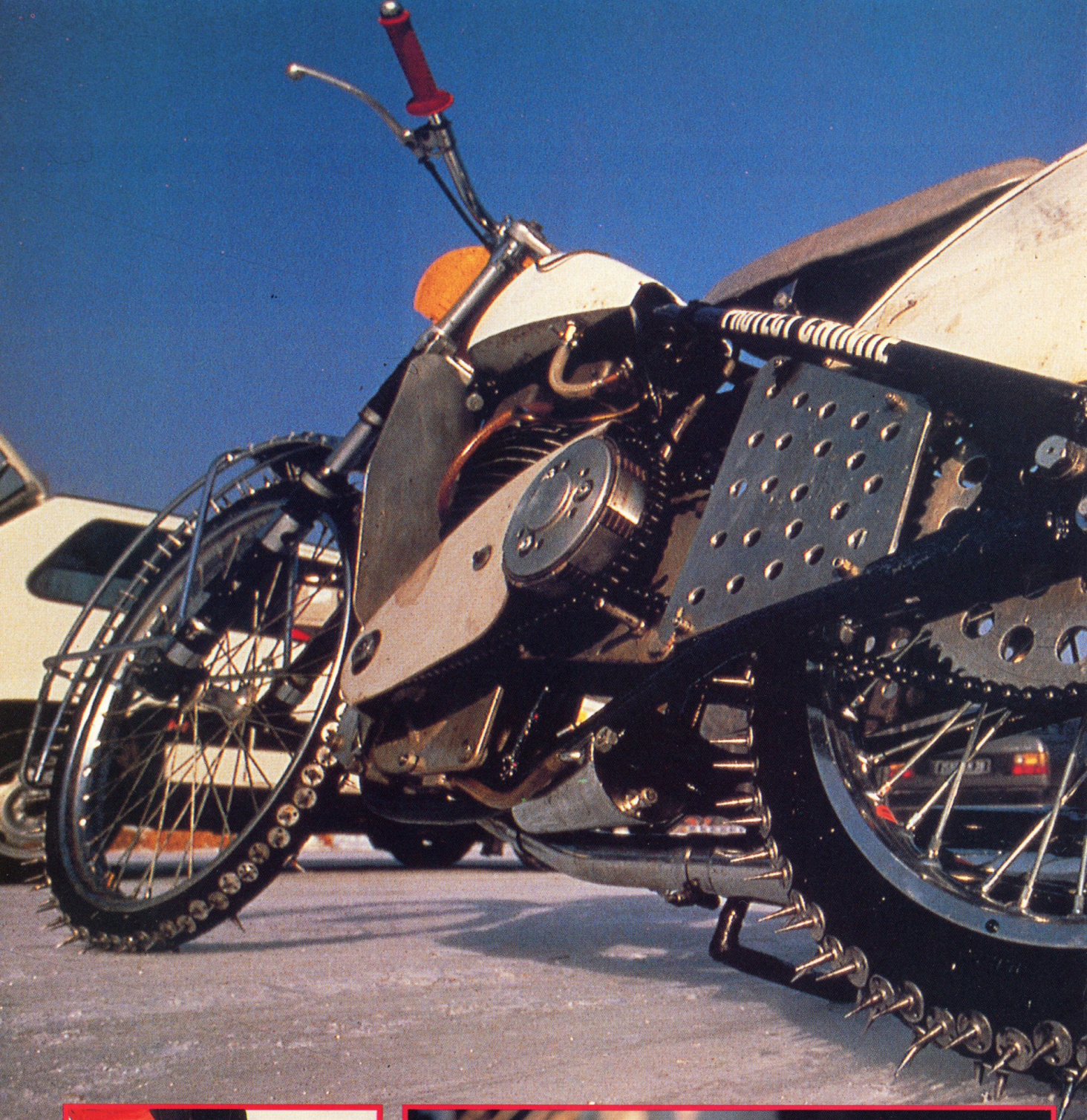
The German authorities were understandably frantic, thinking that the State would be accused of murdering the prisoners. Forensic experts were called in from Vienna, Zurich and Liège. They were all Professors, and they joined with two German forensic specialists, also professors, to issue an understandably cautious press release stating: 'The findings so far, in the cases of all three corpses, do not exclude suicide, but on the contrary are compatible with suicide.'

There remained only burials. Burial for the unfortunate Hanns Martin Schleyer, shot three times through the back of the head and bundled into the boot of an Audi 1,000 to be found in a back street in Mulhouse, on October 19, along with a note from the RAF declaring, 'After 43 days, we have ended Hanns Martin Schleyer's miserable and corrupt existence.' And burial in a communal grave in Stuttgart for Baader, Ensslin and Raspe, when the Mayor, Manfred Rommel, son of the great general, spoke sharply to local citizens who wanted the bodies tipped on the municipal rubbish dump, saying, 'I will not accept that there should be first and second-class cemeteries. All enmity should cease after death.' It remains to wonder what activated these rebels in their fight against the establishment. That they were well motivated, seems obvious, since all of them were willing to die for their cause. But as one presumably partially sympathetic, onlooker wrote on the wall of the men's room in the fashionable Club Voltaire in Frankfurt — 'If the RAF didn't exist one would have to invent them.' While another graffiti artist in a nearby telephone booth scribbled: 'Killing for Peace is like Fucking for Chastity, man!' That is a sentiment that might just have appealed to Andreas Baader.

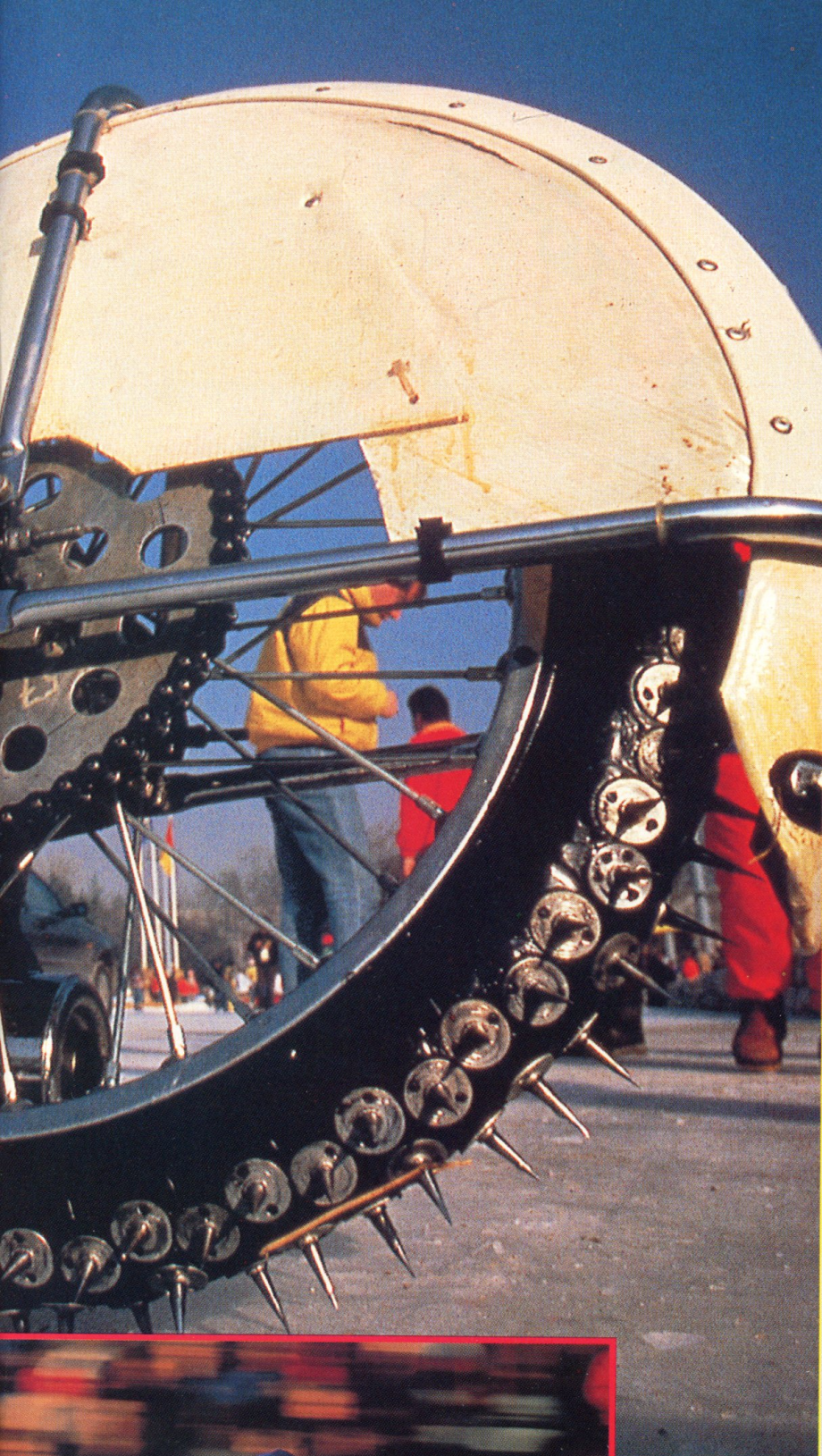


'Well, at least I'm down to one a day.'









Who'd race motorbikes with lethal spiked wheels and no brakes on sheet ice at 75 mph? The ice racing champions, that's who...

# ON YOUR SPIKES

Not since the chariot race in *Ben Hur* has there been such a fast and lethal-looking spectacle. Four men on powerful motorbikes bristling with razor-sharp spikes race around a tight track on sheet ice at speeds of 75 mph — with no brakes. It sounds suicidal. It's called ice racing.

To we British, it's best described as speedway with spikes. The inch-long steel teeth are there to provide traction on the ice but with 134 of them on each driving wheel, it doesn't require much imagination to picture the dangers. As well as the spikes, there's the speed. The bikes used in ice racing may be simple single-cylinder 60 hp machines, but their 500c engines blast the riders at over 70 mph in the short straights, reaching 60 mph by the first bend — only two seconds from the start.

As in speedway, generally four men race at one time. The first bend is always the most dangerous with each competitor desperate to gain the lead. The four riders hit the bend simultaneously, leaning at seemingly impossible angles to propel the bike



around the corner at the fastest speed. At times, a rider's left knee will actually be skimming along the surface of the ice, the rest of his leg only inches away from it. A mistake at this point can be fatal.

The riders need all the protection they can get. Their leathers are much thicker than those of their faster Grand Prix racing colleagues to prevent their bodies being torn apart by the vicious spikes should they come off their machines. The knee that touches the ice is wrapped in a tyre casing and the vulnerable left leg protected by a steel capped boot. Helmets and face masks are of course essential.

The races generally last four laps with points for all who finish. These action photographs were taken at a World Championship event held at the speed racing ring in Grenoble. Not surprisingly, cold climate countries are the specialists at the sport with the Russian team, pictured below, regularly winning the title. The Scandinavians, West



Germans and Swiss are also strongly represented, and Britain, with those speedway riders who fancy a new challenge, also in contention.

Ice racing may lack the sophistication of Grand Prix motorcycling but for sheer spectacle and danger, it's hard to beat. It takes a brave man to get on his spikes...









# GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF  
AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A beautiful young blonde was about to undergo a minor operation. She had been prepared and wheeled along the corridor to the theatre doors where the nurse left her to check that the theatre staff were ready.

Hardly had the nurse left when a young man in a white coat came up to the trolley. Lifting the sheet, he began to examine the blonde's naked frame very closely. Then he nodded reflectively and walked away. The young man then consulted with a second man also dressed in a white coat who came over, lifted the sheet, and examined her very carefully too.

When a third man, similarly dressed, came along and did the same, the young girl grew impatient.

'It's all very well examining me,' she said irritably, 'But when are they going to start the operation?'

'I've no idea,' replied the white coated man.

'We're just painting the corridor.'

**What do you call a Chinese girl with a liquidiser?  
Blenda.**



**On the islands down in the South Seas,  
The girls are a terrible tease.  
We won't say what they do,  
But to give you a clue,  
They've always got sand on their knees.**

An old Jewish variety agent decided to cheer up one of his least successful acts by taking him to the zoo. There he intended to tell the turn, a diminutive Czechoslovakian lion tamer, that he really ought to think of giving up the business.

They sat down by the big cat enclosure and the agent broke the news.

'Rubbish,' replied the lion tamer, 'I'm as good as I ever was. I'll show you.'

And before the agent could stop him, he had run to the lion's cage and was squeezing between the bars. The lion and the lioness in the cage started roaring angrily. The lion tamer struck a pose.

'Nice pussy cat, you stay there,' he said. However, the lions were unimpressed, and immediately one leapt on top of him and swallowed him whole.

The agent ran to the keeper and told him what had happened.

'Which one was it?' he asked. 'The lion or the lioness?'

'I'm not sure,' replied the old Jew, and before he had time to think, the keeper shot the lioness, and ripped it open to reveal nothing. 'No, wasn't the lioness,' said the keeper, who then shot the lion, and ripped that open. Immediately the remains of the tamer's outfit fell out.

'That's show business,' said the agent sadly. 'The Czech is always in the male.'

**What do footballers wear to protect themselves from being kicked in the balls?  
A wild foul truss.**

Definition of a curve: the loveliest distance between two points.

The poet W B Yeats invented a Red Indian spirit guide as a social ploy (it was the era of seances and spiritualism). When bored with a guest he would sniff the air and say, 'You must excuse me, it's my spirit guide trying to make contact. Can you not smell it?'

One day he went through the familiar ritual. But his visitor was a fellow Irishman, who blandly replied, 'Not at all, at all. That's not your spirit guide. It's me. I've just farted. . .'



A gentleman appeared in the doctor's office complaining of constipation. The GP prescribed a laxative, and told him he'd ring every day to find out if he'd moved his bowels.

Sure enough, the next day, the doctor rang.

'Have you moved yet?' he asked.

'No, I haven't,' replied the patient.

'Oh dear, well, in that case you'd better take a double dose, and I'll call again tomorrow.'

The following day, he rang again.

'Have you moved yet?' he enquired.

'No,' replied the patient.

'Good grief!' replied the doctor. 'In that case, you'd better triple the dose, and I'll ring again tomorrow.'

The next day, the GP phoned again.

'Have you moved now?' he asked.

'No,' replied the patient. 'But I'll be moving tomorrow.'

'Why do you say that?' asked the doctor.

'Because the house is full of shit.'

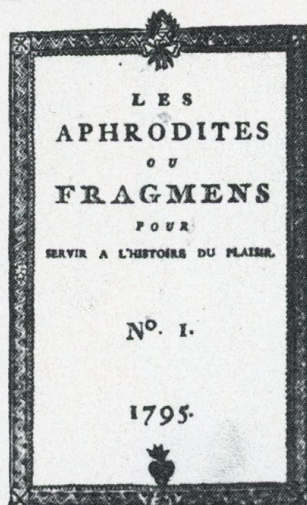
**What cures a pain in the bum?  
An analgesic.**

**What cures a pain in the bum in France?  
A Sacha Distalgesic.**

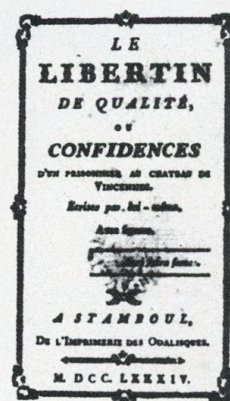
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.



# LESS



# WE'RE



Above: the frontispiece of De Sade's notorious *Justine*, published in 1791. Centre top, and top right, opposite page: wrapper and title page of Andrea de Nerciat's classic erotic novel *Les Aphrodites*. This page, top right: frontispiece of a typical Parisian erotic novel of the early 1900's. Below right: *Le Libertin*, the story of a gigolo published in 1783. Opposite page, left: *My Secret Life*, still unavailable in full in Britain. Right: a French erotic tale published in 1683.

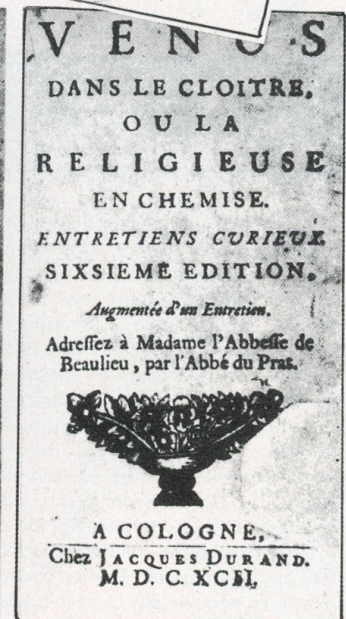
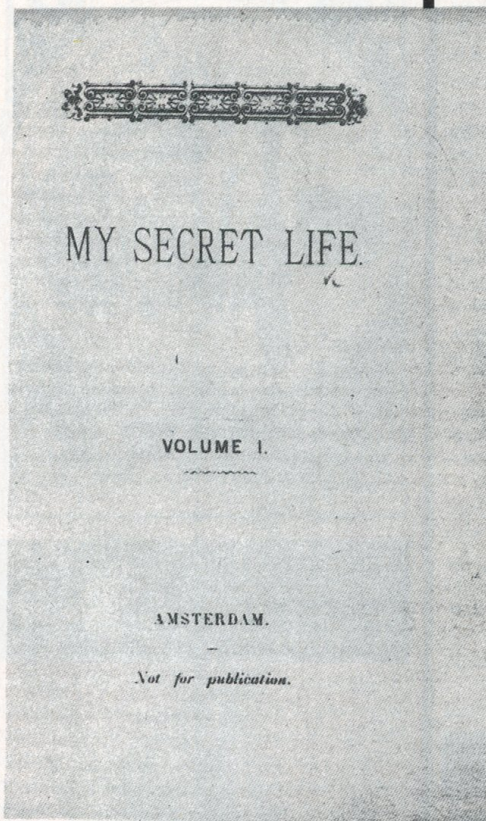
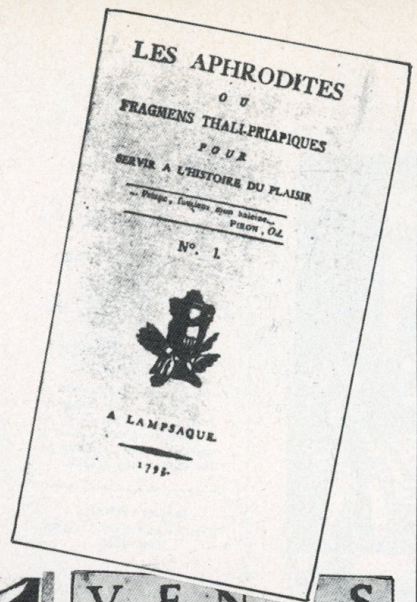
It is commonplace to assume that in Britain at least, almost anything, however pornographic, can be published with impunity. Provided that it is sufficiently good to find a publisher in the first place, that is. However, nearly 5000 volumes, the so called 'cream of the world's pornography' are still kept hidden away in the library of the British Museum 'Private Case', many of them not entered in the Library's General Catalogue, and consequently not accessible even to bona-fide scholars. Even such a famous work as *My Secret Life*, the anonymous account of the sexual encounters of a rich Victorian gentleman, and a mine of sociological information on a par with Mayhew's *Life and Labour of the London Poor*, is still not available openly on British bookstalls,

although versions of it have appeared in both Europe and America.

The very existence of such a 'Private Case' may come as a surprise to many at a time when liberal assumptions about the right to unlimited freedom of expression are often taken for granted. Yet, as a recent court case in Melbourne, Australia, has shown convincingly, censorship is far from dead. The truth is that, in Britain, the practice of censoring books has had a long and ignoble history, largely following swings of the moral pendulum between bouts of libertine indulgence and the backlash of a repressed puritanism. With the spread of AIDS, the moral pendulum now seems to be swinging in favour of increased censorship.



# SEX PLEASE



# BRITISH

Did you believe that anything could be published in Britain today, however erotic? Not so, says David John Davies, who traces the history of censorship from the Middle Ages, and unlocks the secrets of the 'Private Case' from the library of the British Museum

Early English literature showed little outward sign of being bothered by prudery. One of the favourite occupations of Anglo-Saxon monks was composing riddles, and they had no aversion to the employment of the double-entendre. As in this example, from *The Exeter Book*, one of the oldest books written in English about 750 AD: 'I have heard of something growing in a corner, swelling and standing up, raising its covering. At that boneless thing a proud-hearted bride grasped with her hands; a prince's daughter covered that swelling thing with her robe.' The 'thing' is, of course, a lump of dough. The most important point about the lack of censorship at this time and, indeed, until the seventeenth century, is that writing was an

activity for a tiny minority, who all came from the same social group. When the readership of books was limited to a narrow circle around the court, nobody seems to have felt the need to protect his neighbour from the risk of corruption. The earliest great English story-teller, Geoffrey Chaucer, was himself a member of the royal court and, in the absence of a mass audience, he felt free to include several bawdy stories among his *Canterbury Tales*. 'The Miller's Tale' features a man who presents his backside out of a window for another man to kiss — the other man is under the impression that he will be kissing his girlfriend and is surprised by the beard. Similarly the Reeve tells a story about a short-changing miller — millers were notorious

for corruption at the time — who is punished by two Cambridge students who make love to both his wife and his daughter. On his death-bed Chaucer apparently regretted his bawdy work — the pains of hell were very real in the fourteenth century — and he asked for all his work of that nature to be burned. Fortunately for us his request was ignored. Pornography was first recognised as such in the middle of the seventeenth century. It seems to have arisen as a reaction to the severity of the puritanical regime of Oliver Cromwell. It is also no accident that this was a time when more and more books were being printed, and the control of reading and writing was beginning to slip away, for the first time, from the upper and





L'ESCOLE  
Des  
FILLES,  
ou  
LA PHILOSOPHIE  
Des  
DAMES.

Divisée en  
DEUX DIALOGUES,  
Agree & Paul.  
Corrigé & augmenté, d'un combat du  
... & du ... d'une Dialogue en-  
tre le ... & Perrette; & une  
instruction des Curieuses; & dans la  
methode de trouver, & marqué par  
leur nombres suivant les tables.

Imprimé à Fribourg;  
Chez ROSS & BOUTIER  
l'An. 1668.

Frontispiece and title page of *L'Escole des Filles*, an early form of sex manual, bought and enjoyed by people including diarist Samuel Pepys in 1668.

upper-middle classes. What Chaucer described as 'harlotrie', literally 'work concerning harlots', became known as 'pornography', from the Greek meaning 'writing about prostitutes'. But pornography was not, in the main, a British invention. Until 1655, the strongest influence on the home-grown material were the Italians, and after that date the French. The period of the Restoration of Charles II, was a time of heady innovation, ripe for a swing of the pendulum towards increased liberty in life and literature. The return of the court from Europe, combined with King Charles's reputation for loose living, also made it inevitable that European influences would spread to England. The best-known works of European pornography came to England, and soon there were voices complaining that every schoolboy was familiar with them.

The most notorious of such books were three Italian works: *Aretine's Postures*, sixteen sonnets composed to accompany graphic depiction of sexual gymnastics by Giulio Romano (this was a book which popularised the dialogue form, the sexual satire of the religious and the delirious depiction of lust in every imaginable form); *La Puttana Errante*, 'the wandering whore', another set of sixteenth century dialogues, also falsely accredited to Aretine; and a similar anti-clerical, libertine work, *La Retorica delle Puttane*, which was also popular in England, although it lost its sarcastic edge in translation.

The Great Fire of London and the Plague took their toll of London bookshops, but shortly after that the first recorded instance in English of a man buying a dirty book can be found. This account, with all its attendant reactions in the individual — shock, pretended outrage and sexual stimulation, is in Samuel Pepys' *Diary*: '13 Jan 1668. Stopped at Martins my bookseller, where I saw the French book which I did think to have had for my wife to translate, called "L'Escole de Filles"; but when I came to look into it, it is the most bawdy, lewd book that ever I saw, rather worse than "puttana errante" — so that I was ashamed of reading in it.'

However, he came back to it a couple of weeks later:

'8 Feb 1668. Thence away to the Strand to my bookseller's, and there stayed an hour and bought the idle, roguish book "L'Escole des

Filles"; which I have bought in plain binding (avoiding the buying of it better bound) because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, so that it may not stand in the list of my books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found.'

And finally, the following day,

'Feb 9th, 1668. Lord's Day. We sang still almost night, and drank my good store of wine; and then they parted and I to my chamber, where I did read through "L'Escole des Filles", a lewd book, but what did me no wrong to read for information sake (but it did hazy my prick para stand all the while and una yez to decharger); and after I had done it I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame.'

That last statement may go some way to explain why there is so little pornographic literature remaining from this period. Ironically, *The School of Venus*, the English title of the book Pepys was after, survives only because of its censorship — it was transcribed from its trial in the King's Bench Records. In 1688 six copies of the book, ranging in price from sixpence to two and six, and two of another book called *Tullia and Octavia*, were brought before the court, and the bookseller was fined twenty shillings, not a very severe penalty.

*The School of Venus* consists of a dialogue between a married woman and a maid concerning the delights of married life — a sort of seventeenth century *Joy of Sex* at a time when sex instruction manuals were unknown. Fanchon, the maid, has been kept in ignorance of such matters by her puritanical mother, and this deficiency is soon corrected by the knowledge that Suzanne passes on to her. Most of this advice is innocuous, as in this extract describing how a wife should retain her husband's affections:

'When in private with her Lover, she abandons herself to his Desires, it must not be with Impudence, nor yet with Reservedness and peevish Shyness ... Men have a thousand Businesses and Crosses in their heads, and they often come home full of them, and little in a Condition to oblige us, if we by our Softness do not first make them forget their Cares ...'

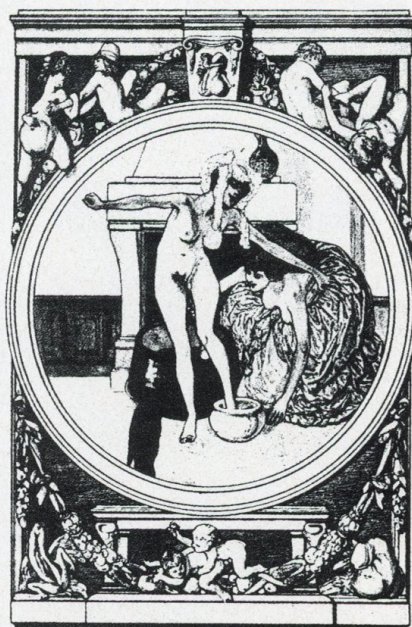
That last sentence alone makes it fairly clear that

Frontispiece of a book of erotic poems by Gautier, published in 1907.



the book was written by a man! The introduction to the first edition threatened a papal bull against anyone who was not sexually excited by it! However, it can lay claim to originality, a rare distinction in its field, and at least it does not simply, like *Tullia and Octavia*, use the dialogue setting as a mere excuse to go off into a description of group sex.

If one strand of seventeenth century thought was in favour of a great celebration of sex, another powerful one was simply a reaction to puritanical excesses. Ridicule was the preferred method by which anti-puritanical writers hit back. Part of this process involved savage sexual parodies of



German artist Franz von Bayros illustrated many erotic classics in the early 1900's. This is from the Spanish novel *The Pretty Andalusian*.

the puritans, a major reason for the increase in the volume of pornography produced at the time. The Earl of Rochester added to it with his play *Sodom*, a savage attack on James I's reputedly homosexual court. The plot involves a homosexual king, Bolloxion, attempting to force his court to adopt homosexuality and the foiling of his plans.

In the eighteenth century sexual censorship was used as a substitute for political censorship. John Wilkes, the radical orator, was forced to leave England ostensibly for his obscene work *Essay on Woman*, a skit on Pope's long poem *Essay on Man*, but in reality because of his radical political views. Lord Sandwich said to him at his trial, 'Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of the pox,' to which Wilkes replied, 'Sir, that depends on whether I embrace your politics or your mistress.'

The first piece of home-grown English erotic fiction of any quality is also the most famous, *Fanny Hill*, or *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. Volume One was published in November 1748, Volume Two in February 1749. The book's author, John Cleland, was in the Fleet prison at the time, where he had been confined for debt, not for the first time, and it may be that he was freed, using money paid in return for the manuscript. He was paid twenty pounds. He attempted to follow up the book's success with

turn to page 78



continued from page 76

Other mildly erotic works, including a sequel entitled *The Memoirs of a Coxcomb* and featuring Fanny's male counterpart, Francis Hill, as its hero, but as often happens, none was a success. Cleland was again arrested on November 10, 1749, due to the 'pious indignation of my Lords the Bishops' at *Fanny Hill*, which he found annoying as he claimed 'nothing is truer than that more clergymen bought it in proportion, than any other distinction of men'. When the book was republished on March 8, 1750, a one and a half page passage concerning sodomy, the only such passage in the book, was omitted. But this did not prevent a complaint from Thomas Sherlock, the Bishop of London at the time, who wrote to Newcastle, the Secretary of State, 'I beg of your grace to give proper orders to stop the progress of this vile Book, which is an open Insult upon religion and good manners, and a reproach to the Honour of the Government and the honour of the country'. Cleland and his publisher Griffiths were again arrested, but not sentenced. Indeed, when Earl Granville, the president of the Privy Council, discovered Cleland's impecunious state, he immediately granted him a life long pension of £100 a year, in order to rescue him from the need to write any more pornography. Cleland's book tells the story of young Fanny, an innocent country girl, who comes up to London and is initiated into the wicked ways of the metropolis. She is befriended by a lady who keeps a brothel, passed around various men and has many adventures before ending up with her Mr Right.

If the reader can cope with the constant

employment of euphemistic metaphors such as 'love's armour', his 'instrument of pleasure' entering an 'abyss of joy', there is some value in the description of various types of sexual pleasure described before Fanny settles for Charles, her perfect lover. Nevertheless, the book is well-written, light and amusing, there are no rapes or obscene words and, as an example of the picaresque mode, the book has a claim to be considered only a shelf below the work of classic eighteenth century writers such as Fielding, Swift, Smollett and Richardson.

Between the publication of *Fanny Hill* and the end of the eighteenth century the moral cycle again began one of its periodic movements towards puritanism. More generally, there seems to have been a fundamental change in taste. Dr Bowdler produced his 'bowdlerised' edition of Shakespeare in 1818. The popular custom of reading aloud in middle-class families meant that morality became a question of what a fourteen-year-old girl could decently listen to, and the stranglehold on distribution, maintained by the lending libraries such as Mudie's and the convenient railway bookshops founded by a certain Mr W H Smith, meant that only morally uplifting books could be published. Most French literature was considered 'immoral', and the publishers of translations, as in the case of Vizetelly with Zola's novels, could be heavily fined and imprisoned. *Fanny Hill* went 'underground' around 1800, and remained there until the 1960's.

The novelist Sir Walter Scott describes how his great aunt asked for a play by Aphra Behn, a female Restoration playwright, to be read to her,

as she had liked her work in childhood; soon afterwards she cried 'Take it away!' agast at what had formerly be considered perfectly acceptable.

No age has been more puritanical than the Victorian age, when even piano legs were covered up, so as not to provoke lustful thoughts. Yet no age has produced more pornography. Forced to go underground, such literature became more perverse, and generally of a poor quality. Such efforts as *The Lustful Turk* (the adventures of an English lady captured by depraved Levantines), *Frank and I* (a saga of flagellation — very popular among public school men of the period), and *Venus in India*, (the titles alone tell us something of Victorian obsessions) contributed little to literature. One outstanding exception is the book mentioned earlier, *My Secret Life* by 'Walter', published between 1885 and 1895 by a wealthy English gentleman. It is a diary of sexual experiences kept by a man with an impressive one-track mind. Unable to get sexual satisfaction from one woman, he resorts to prostitutes, available in massive quantities from the age of 12 in London and elsewhere, especially to a wealthy man — significantly, the expression for 'to come' in Victorian England was 'to spend'. While it is, at times, very unpleasant to read, the book is a remarkable insight into the mind of a man obsessed by sex, as well as an important social document.

The author of *My Secret Life* may well have been a rich bibliophile called Henry Spencer Ashbee, who also compiled a massive *Index of Forbidden Books* — he owned virtually every pornographic book ever published — a book which is notable for its asides on erotic books; for example, 'The author asks us to believe that his characters remained for four days completely naked in the open air — and this in the climate of England!' Neither *My Secret Life*, nor the *Index*, is available in an unexpurgated form to the general reading public in this country even today.

The twentieth century has been the age of the gradual breakdown of literary taboos, so that at times almost anything can be published. A few notorious names stand out on the long road to liberation. James Joyce's *Ulysses*, with its culminating monologue by Mollie Bloom, a courageous attempt by a man to understand a woman's sexuality, was published in Paris in the 1920's, the United States in the 1930's, the United Kingdom in the 1960's. DH Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* also came from publication in Florence in the 1920's to Britain in the 1960's, but only by way of a celebrated landmark trial in 1960.

*Lady Chatterley's Lover* is, of course, the story of the seduction of a rich, bored lady, Lady Constance Chatterley, married to an effete crippled representative of the upper classes, by her husband's gamekeeper Mellors, and is thus a book which is of interest to students of both sex and class. It had been acceptable as a highly-priced book, which could be smuggled into Britain by the wealthier classes; only when Penguin books wanted to bring out a three and sixpenny edition did it become a legal test case. The prosecuting counsel, Mr Mervyn Griffiths Jones, said memorably of the novel, offering the jury a method of testing the book 'from the most liberal outlook':

'Would you approve of your young sons, young daughters, because girls can read as well as boys — reading this book? Is it a book you would have lying around in your own house? Is it a book you

turn to page 92



'But can you prove to me you can match our male employees in every way? Let's take sexual harassment, for instance...'



continued from page 78

would even wish your wife or your servants to read?"

In spite of this impassioned plea, the jury agreed with the defence counsel that, within the terms of the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, it was not the intention of the book 'to deprave and corrupt', and duly acquitted it. After the trial John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls, asserted that the outcome would have been different had the jury been aware that the climactic sexual encounter between the gamekeeper and Lady Chatterley is an act of thinly-veiled sodomy, 'burning out the shames, the deepest, oldest shames, in the most secret places', and he was possibly right. The sixties was the principal decade of the liberation of books. *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller, *My Life and Loves* by Frank Harris, and *Justine* by the Marquis de Sade were all published (though the planned issuing of all de Sade's novels was halted when, at the trial of the Moors murderers, it was revealed that Ian Brady possessed a copy of *Justine*). The trial of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* by Hubert Selby was a private prosecution of a book dealing with the extremities of low-life in New York: it was convicted for obscenity, but the verdict was overturned on a technicality. In September 1969 the centuries-old censorship of plays by the Lord Chamberlain was ended. Finally, in January 1976, Britain's last trial for obscene libel was held. As Judge Rigg said in his summing-up on *Inside Linda Lovelace*, 'If this book is not obscene within the definition of the 1959 Act it might well be difficult to imagine anything that would fall into that category'. The book was acquitted. Successive Directors

of Public Prosecution seem to have tacitly accepted that nothing, other than the libellous or the racially offensive, stands the necessary 60 per cent chance of success. The collection of pornography to be found in the Private Case of the British Library has grown to its present size partly through the operation of the Copyright Law, which requires that one copy of every book published in Britain be deposited in the library, and partly, in the case of pornographic literature, through private donation. The existence of such a collection has been little known, largely through a denial of its presence by the Library staff. One official in the 1960's even claimed that it would be against the Official Secrets Act to reveal, or deny, its existence.

Since that time there has been a general relaxation of standards, but many books in the Private Case are not in the General Catalogue, and can only be consulted at a specified chair under the gaze of the librarian, after the cabinet has been audibly unlocked. The ostensible reason for such secrecy is that books of this nature run a high risk of either mutilation or theft but this seems more suitable for earlier, more repressed generations. After all, as the last director of the British Museum said, 'We are keepers of books, not guardians of morals'.

An even more secret press-mark than PC for Private Case exists in the British Library — named, appropriately, SS it is used for books which either abuse the royal family, or reveal secrets of state (one title is *Twenty Five Years in the Secret Service* by a Victorian major), or are the subjects of successful libel actions. These cannot be read under any circumstances. Such secrecy can be useful. When Stephen Ward

felt that he was going to be dragged into the Profumo scandal in the early 1960's he considered that the safest place for his collection of pornography was in the Private Case, away from the police, which is where he placed it before he committed suicide.

Nowadays it might be assumed that the battle against censorship has been won. Certain recent events seem to argue against that conclusion, however. In May 1986, according to the *Times Higher Education Supplement*, a group of students on a university French course objected to the inclusion of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* on the grounds that it dealt with sexual love, until it was pointed out to them that, if they objected to French fiction on those grounds, they would not have a course left. Ironically, their sixties-educated lecturer had stressed the erotic content of the book in order to encourage them to read it, not realising that several of them were born-again Christians.

Currently an unholy alliance seems to be springing up between such people and the anti-libertarian Left, busily banning books from libraries and school courses in the name of anti-racism and anti-sexism. Winston Churchill's anti-obscenity bill would have extended censorship from magazines to television and video. The onset of AIDS has also led to a big increase in the popularity of celibate behaviours, in general. Perhaps, as Susan Sontag says in her article on *Pornography*, we should accept that sex is an activity which is closer to epilepsy than, say, ice-skating, and consequently a calm, liberal humanistic description of it is insufficient to describe its power, and therefore we need pornography. 🐸

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